April 1967

Ramparts

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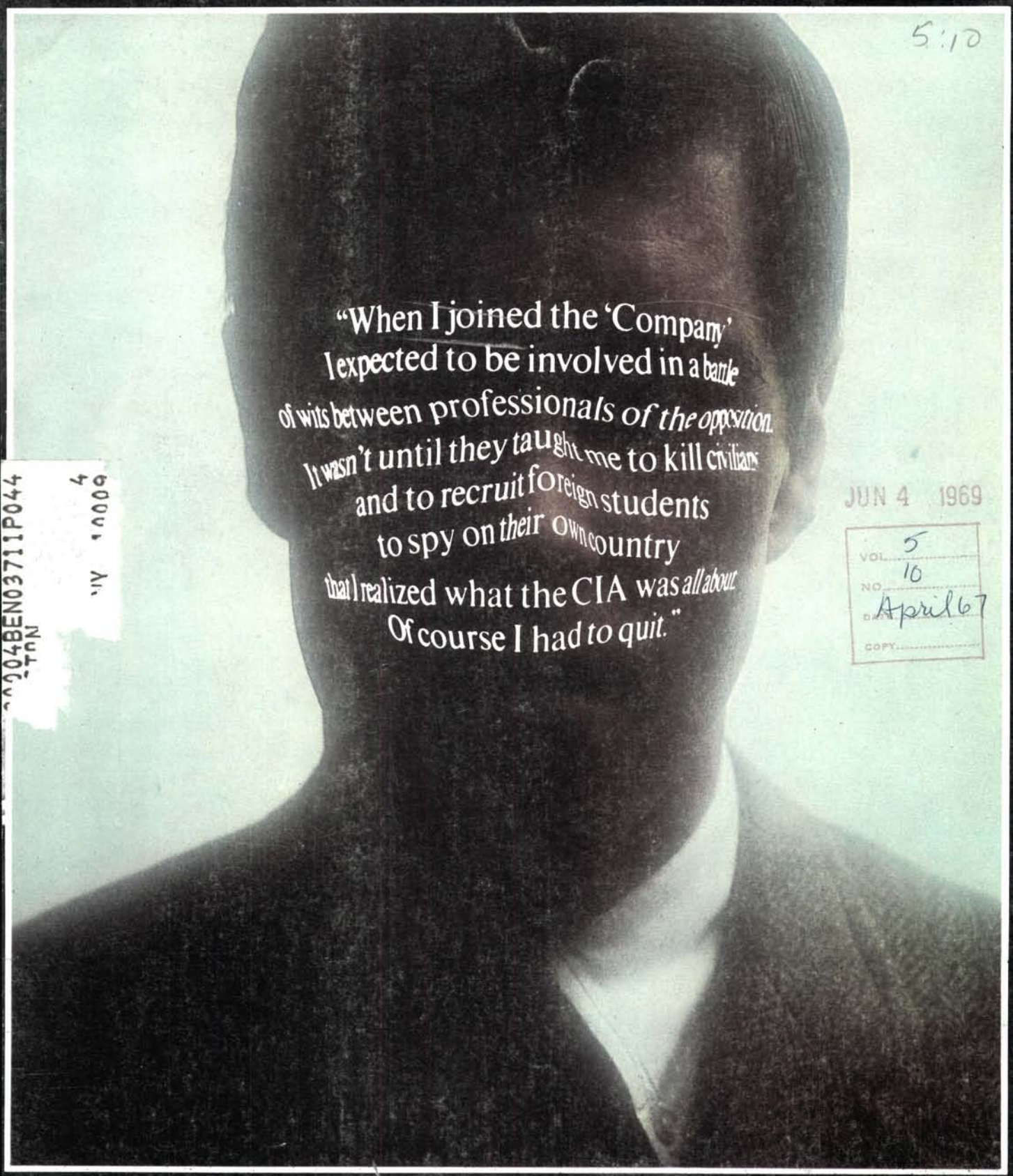
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Of course I had to quit."

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VOL. 5
NO. 10
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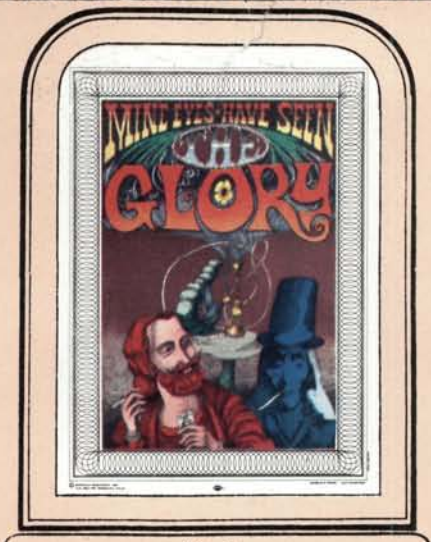

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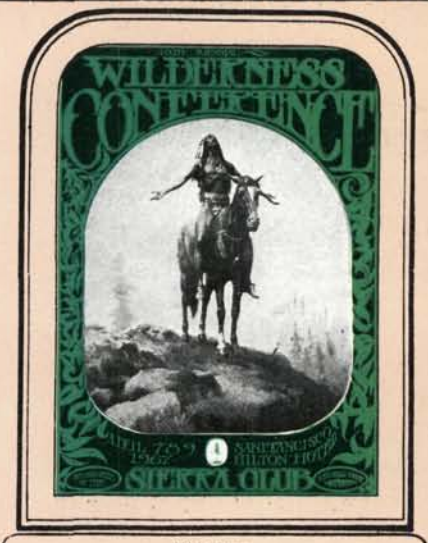

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[Page 15] Three Tales

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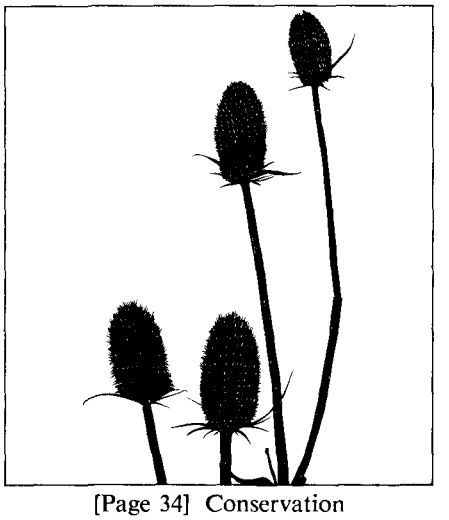

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Apologia:

RAMPARTS has won the George Polk Memorial Award for excellence in journalism, an honor shared this year with the essay department of Time magazine. Any remarks about strange bedfellows would be fatuous, idle and undignified.

Our account last month of the CIA's secret financing of the National Student Association made the Washington press corps eat foundations for Lent. Outside the Internal Revenue Service headquarters ace journalists waited impatiently in line, two score deep, to get their cracks at scouring tax records in search of still another CIA conduit. RAMPARTS consulting editor Paul Jacobs, who was there, swears reporters were trading off copies of foundation tax reports as if they were bubble gum cards. That is funny, but funnier still is the fact that America is the only country where an outmoded and incompetent intelligence agency could become a national joke and still retain its power.

In a continuing effort to bring the CIA's operations under some effective national control, and since we started the whole thing anyway, we take a further look at the CIA beginning on page 15.

Since we exposed the CIA, we have received our share of hot story tips from public-minded citizens. One gentleman, a professor, phoned to tell us that Disneyland is hollow underneath and right wingers haul people below it to do terrible things, then hypnotize them and send them home. Another lady said that the Army was feeding LSD to the troops in Vietnam so they would turn on at the sight of bombs bursting and blood and so forth.

The February issue, with Senator R. Kennedy on the cover, took a full five weeks to reach subscribers through the post. This is outrageous, even for the U.S. system of mail. Remedies in such a disaster are few. If we were willing to give Postmaster General Larry O'Brien, a Kennedy man, the benefit of the doubt, we would say that it is President Johnson's fault. If we really wanted to cause trouble, we would, of course, threaten to nationalize the post office.—W.H.

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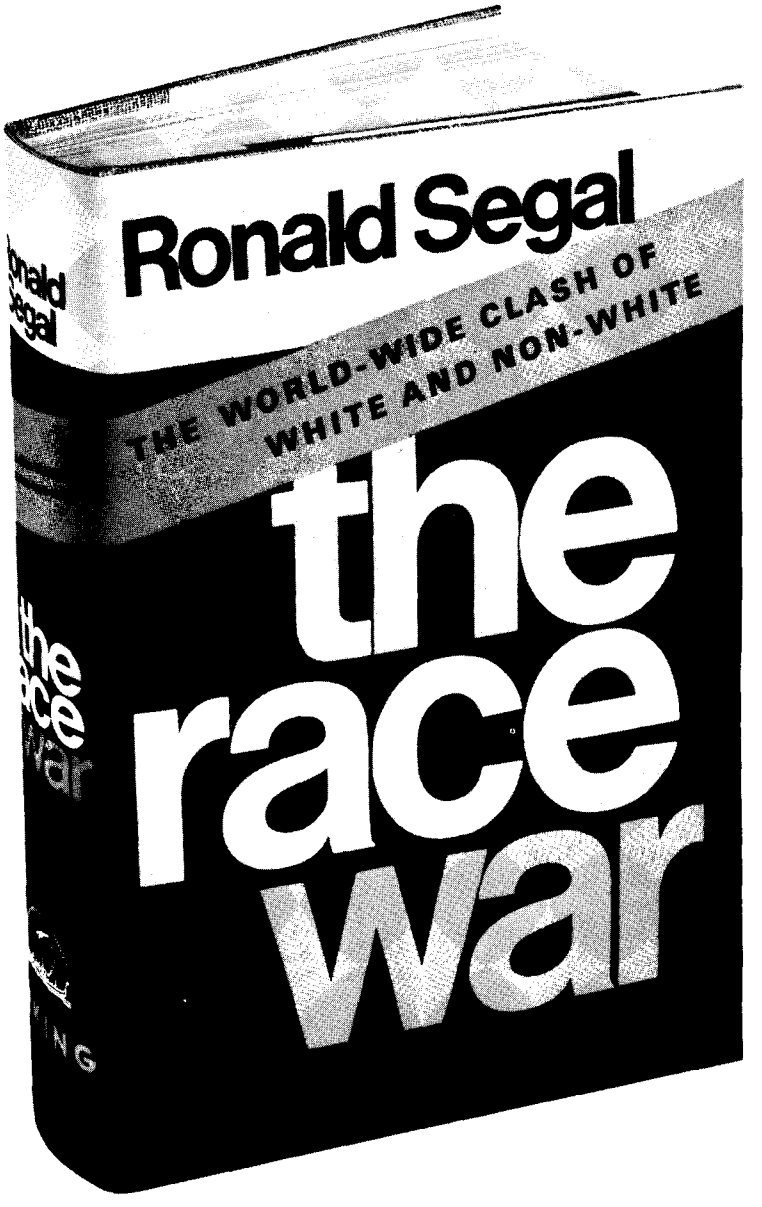
—DAVID CAUTE, *Book Week*



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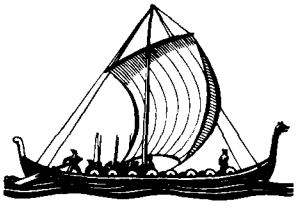

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Marginalia

Letters:

SUBVERSION

SIRS:

Recent disclosures by RAMPARTS [March 1967] regarding the CIA's penetration and subversion of the NSA and of other domestic and international student bodies, viewed in conjunction with mounting evidence of CIA manipulation of the Peace Corps, the labor unions, international aid programs, news and information media, cultural missions, academic circles, emigre groups, religious councils and scientific congresses, will shock hitherto unsuspecting Americans into realizing that for totalitarian amorality their own government is without equal among nations.

What, however, has yet to be brought home to the people of the United States is the extent to which similar methods are being employed to control thought, subvert principle, and stifle dissent in their own country, the "Land of the Free." As the 1964-66 invasions-of-privacy findings of the U.S. Senate judiciary subcommittee chaired by Senator Edward V. Long made clear, few indeed are the areas of government, industry, education and culture that are free of some form of big brotherism. With clandestine agencies like the CIA and the FBI, it is standard practice to manufacture false evidence, to build up incriminating dossiers on individuals regarded as a threat to the powers-that-be. Information from such dossiers is passed freely between the various agencies (even being transmitted to corresponding agencies in other countries to which the subject plans to travel), to be disclosed by them in whatever quarters it is likely to do most harm to the subject's reputation and interests, and all this without the victim being able to respond and clear himself, for he can only guess at the identities of his detractors and the precise nature of their machinations against him.

In the light of exposures of such practices on the part of the CIA and the FBI, it is clear that nothing less than full-scale public investigations of the agencies must be carried out if any future of national probity and individual sacrosanctity is to be preserved.

D. HOWARD ADY
(ex-Captain, British Intelligence Corps)
Los Angeles, California

SIRS:

I have learned, with deep concern, of the present crisis in the United States, in which it has been revealed that the CIA has been subsidizing the international exchange programs of the NSA.

I take this opportunity to congratulate RAMPARTS on the fundamental role it played in uncovering this political scandal. If your magazine continues such excellent work, true international exchanges, unmotivated by Cold War interests, will multiply and bring about the direct contact between peoples, the only hope for the future of universal brotherhood.

ANDRE SOCIÉ
General Councillor of the Jura
Department and Mayor,
Champagnole, France

HOMOSEXUALITY

SIRS:

I am a homosexual myself, and consequently I speak from an intimate knowledge of the subject. Had Gene Marine ["Who's Afraid of Little Annie Fanny," February 1967] been more circumspect, he would not have gone to every conceivable length to fortify his he-manliness; he would have suspected that by overemphasis of that point, he might well be exposing that which he was trying to conceal. Who started this denigration of Woman? Did it not start back in the Garden, in which the de-feminized male when caught redhanded looked around for some convenient alibi? And ever since, every lying male—including your Marine, has thought to pull the wool over the All-Seeing "I."

Far from being women-haters, the average homosexual is Woman's most faithful ally—the unfortunate thing is that both of us should sacrifice our dignity on the altar of his conceit. But all things having a purpose, perhaps that is God's final effort to save the obstreperous male from himself!

HARRY GRAY
Royal Oak, Michigan

SIRS:

Whoever you are, Mr. Marine, I love you. You have put down, in admirable literary style, my very feelings on the subject of homosexuality dominating the so-called Arts—but more than that, you have given a tremendous boost to my flagging spirits about being a WOMAN and not a nubile teeny-bopper or a mini-skirted high fashion colt.

You've done more for me than six months on an analyst's couch in helping me to realize that the only similarity between the Playmate of the Month and me is that we are both creased in the middle.

CONSTANCE LEVINE
Forest Hills, New York

SIRS:

Without challenging the general accuracy of Gene Marine's wisecrack about "Our Man Flint," I'd like to point out that there was never a mention of "surgery" in the gag about converting girls into pleasure units. It was all pills and flashing lights—early Leary is all.

As for Mr. Marine's reading of the intent, I can see how he reached the conclusion, but a good look at the material which was cut out of the final film might have convinced him that our problems were thespian, rather than lesbian.

SAUL DAVID
20th Century Fox Productions
Beverly Hills, California

SIRS:

Mr. Marine would not have had "a good time at Truman's party." It took him four pages to tell us that he wouldn't know how.

NANCY GOETZ
Washington, D.C.

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LOVE

SIRS:

The article on "hippies" [RAMPARTS, March 1967] was in most respects an accurate view. However, as one who is a participant in that culture I must take exception with his portrayal of Emmett Grogan and the Diggers. Emmett is not the hero of the Haight-Ashbury or its conscience, he is simply Emmett.

The movement to give things away for free and to apply the rules of love to the community are not solely dependent on any one person. There are many other beautiful people who are working with the Diggers to create an alternative environment from modern American society. Great harm is done when you portray the Diggers in terms of leaders and followers; the Diggers simply are themselves and are beautiful; Emmett is a Digger who is beautiful, and the people at RAMPARTS are beautiful too.

ALEX FORMAN
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

"May the Baby Jesus Shut Your Mouth and Open Your Mind."

CHESTER HELMS
Family Dog Productions
San Francisco, California

SEX

SIRS:

Personally, I had never found sex hilariously funny (entertaining, yes) until I read Edward Galligan's "Marriage On The Rocks" [RAMPARTS, February 1967]. This waggish piece is one of the wittiest I have ever read—a much needed tonic for a very sick world. Thanks for the below-the-belly laughs.

DR. BERNARD SCHOR
Englewood, Colorado

SIRS:

It seems quite evident your magazine is degenerating into a peddler of smut, under the guise of intellectualism.

However, posing as the intelligentsia and by your anti-war revelations, you have succeeded in rounding up a sizable subscription list. Fearing that might peter out shortly, sex, the old standby to attract attention, offered a possibility.

Had I seen the hair-do your editor wears, I do not think you would have gotten my seven dollars. It all figures.

JOHN U. MORRIS
Oswego, New York

Editorial:

THE NEW INNOCENCE

POLITICAL SOPHISTICATION, at its best, underlies the cynical amorality of a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, at its worst, the unflinching ability of the Nazis to computerize the extermination of their fellow men.

Thus we take heart in observing that America has recently shown itself to be a terribly unsophisticated country. The shock waves following RAMPARTS' revelation of the CIA's subversion of the National Student Association were more than political naivete. They were a sign of a New Innocence in America.

This New Innocence is concurrent with the end of the Cold War as a meaningful factor. The Nixonesque rhetoric of the '50s ring hollow to young people, and charts showing the Red pincers of the international communist conspiracy seem as germane as last year's desk calendar.

The institutions that helped create the Cold War climate in America continue, however, to plunge ahead in their traditional patterns like sterile salmon battling upstream to spawn. The CIA is, of course, the maddest example of what the Cold War has done to American life. The Agency, with neither the Congress nor the public assenting, decided it would buy off and subvert almost every legitimate institution in the country.

Not only the CIA, but others of influence who, in order to preserve their stake in the Cold War atmosphere, secretly try to manipulate public response. Hubert Humphrey, who publicly took a righteous stand about CIA infiltration of student groups, privately tried to goad reporters into attacking RAMPARTS. His liberal friend, columnist Carl Rowan, delivered the goods for the vice president: a slanderous attack questioning our motives for the NSA-CIA exposure.

For our part, we are just going to keep printing the facts as they come. If those facts turn into "exposes," it is not because of some special inclination of ours, but rather because in America today there is still a gap between our public rhetoric and our actual practices.

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Society:

THE DEER PARTY

by Paul Krassner

ORDINARILY, Norman Mailer's off-Broadway adaptation of *The Deer Park* has two acts, but on opening night there was a third act in the form of a party at the author's home in Brooklyn Heights.

The set designer did a magnificent job, turning the townhouse into quarters so ship-like that, with only the aid of a pair of bartenders, one fore and one aft, a few members of the audience eventually engaged themselves in simulated seasickness.

Costumes were not nearly so imaginative, save for a beaded gold jacket gracing the back of a bald-headed man and a belly-dancer outfit on a lady who when last seen was flirting with an amazingly tolerant homosexual.

Totally appropriate background music was provided by Charley Brown's Generation, a hired rock group led by Mailer's brother-in-law. This was totally in keeping with the intimations of nepotism established earlier in the play with the presence of Mailer's wife, Beverly Bentley, in the role of Lulu Meyers, as well as Mailer's ex-wife, Adele Morales, in the role of chief understudy.

Beverly and Adele were given craftsmanlike dialogue, and Earl Wilson of the New York Post could be seen taking notes. When Brigitte Bardot was in town, Wilson snuck into her hotel room disguised as a painter. Now he was even more skillfully disguised as a reporter.

Dick Schaap of the World Journal Tribune was also there. He had a nice conversation with Norman but due to the vicissitudes of daily journalism he was forced to quote out of context, a crime which in Mailer's book is second only to being bloated out of wedlock.

In his first professional appearance, an actor named Walker gazed from an upper level as his girl danced with another man. He gritted his teeth, a gesture unfortunately hidden by the reincarnation of D. H. Lawrence's moustache, climbed down the ladder and, restrained mainly by the overcrowded floor (the audience had swelled from 299 to 499 during the second intermission), threatened to do away with the intruder.

"I'll kill him right now," was the crisp chorus he continued to chant with mounting fury until a middle-aged lady named Bianca said hello, whereupon Walker—in a masterful switching of gears—kissed her hand, indulged in charming conversation and then, *flip*, "I'll kill him right now . . . I'll kill him right now."

Helping to keep the action going, other guests took turns swinging in the net hammock hanging from the ceiling, and a few drinking glasses somehow got broken. Mailer's secretary, Madeline, stepped on one of the pieces, and Mailer's ex-secretary, Sandy, played the part of an instant nurse with bandages, while this reviewer held the injured foot up above heart level and director Leo Garen —who always likes to put himself into a scene à la Alfred Hitchcock—proceeded to kiss the bleeding victim's unprotesting thigh.

It was a moment of solemn high camp.

Indeed, Norman Mailer had *said* that this play was about sex, and it was to his permissive credit that his young daughters, aged seven and nine, were in the audience. His oldest daughter, 17, sat in the balcony resenting the fact that Jose Torres, theatre critic for Ring magazine, sat in the front row.

Police entered from stage left, ostensibly on an official complaint about the noise, but actually to be on hand for the big fight sequence between a fellow named Kingsize (have I ever lied to you?) and sports-writer-*cum*-political-analyst Pete Hamill. The battle was broken up by a Negro maid, and neither contender knew whether or not it would be appropriate to tip her.

All in all, what at first seemed like a series of unrelated events finally blended into a harmonious, dramatic crazy quilt, and one observed that the event's unique quality was epitomized by the unprecedented bringing-in of the reviews while the performance was still in process.

Woody Allen played a brief cameo role.

Media:

THE FATHER OF ADVERTISING

by Dugald Stermer

FOR THOSE OF YOU who are fortuitously ignorant of the inner processes of our advertising industry, a word of explanation is necessary.

Annually, in urban teapots throughout our country, the local advertising clubs put on tempests surrounding selection—and awarding—of the most effective, or prettiest, or best written advertisements, mailing pieces, annual reports, TV commercials, etc., produced during the previous year. Everybody wins something. All this is climaxed by the national organizations' selection of the "Advertising Man of the Year" or the "Art Director of the Year," depending on the particular perversion of that organization. Clear?

All this does serve a purpose in that it is nice to get recognition for doing good work in a business usually thought of as falling somewhere between the selling of used cars and child molesting in terms of status and integrity.

But the advertising community has, up to now, made a serious omission in its award giving. It has failed to recognize the man who most effectively and skillfully used the tools of advertising, which he did long before any of his American counterparts had even begun thinking about them. As account executive, creative director, art director, copy writer, and agency president, he kept complete control over his agency and client for 12 years, branching out in all directions, until an unfortunate quirk of history felled him. He was, virtually, the "Father of Modern Advertising."

My nomination is Adolf Hitler.

[EFFECTIVENESS]

Consider first his effectiveness: that he sold an entire country on a product no

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less fantastic than hexachlorophene, and at a cost to the consumer far exceeding that of a tube of toothpaste. And that he made the outrageous notion of a "Master Race" much more appealing, and built a loyalty much stronger than anything to do with "Marlboro" or "Ford Country."

Hitler, using all of the known ad-man's tools, and even inventing a few more, sold these ideas to the people of Germany to the extent that the population was willing to die, and worse, to kill for them.

[ART DIRECTOR]

AS AN ART DIRECTOR, Hitler will be remembered best for the Swastika. No one has ever created a trademark to equal it in effectiveness, and no one is likely to. It is true that the symbol itself, as the Eternal Cross, is over 2000 years old, and that it was employed as the Sun Wheel by various tribes of American Indians; but then all good designers borrow freely from other times and cultures. What is important is how well the trademark is identified with the institution it represents, how well it is remembered, and how accurately it reflects the ideas of that institution. (In advertising talk this is referred to as "institutional advertising.")

We can test the effectiveness of the Swastika easily with the help of a pair of "visual aids." Figure 1 is the symbol of CBS Television; probably the most widely seen and remembered trademark currently in use anywhere. You know what Figure 2 is.

On a blank sheet of paper first draw the two symbols. You will note that while it takes a certain amount of skill to accurately reproduce Figure 1, any talentless dolt can, has, and still does draw Figure 2 with ease—anywhere and on any surface.

Now try to associate each symbol, separately, with any word that comes to mind. You will find that after you write down CBS, television, and the Beverly Hillbillies you will come up with many things concerned with the eye, but totally unrelated to CBS, or even television. It would, however, take an extraordinarily fluid mind to relate many words to the Swastika that are not also related in some way to the Third Reich.

In other words today, 22 years after the fall of Nazi Germany, its trademark is still the most widely recognized symbol in the world (outside of the Cross), and it remains in the context which Hitler created for it.

Don't try any of this testing on our own ornate American Eagle; you will get writer's cramps just drawing it.

Hitler's mastery of institutional graphics didn't end with the Swastika. The Iron Cross (previously the Celtic Cross), flags, posters, films (technically the finest ever produced), even postage stamps were all beautifully designed and, by advertising standards, most professional.

[IMAGE MAKING]

HITLER EVEN DESIGNED HIMSELF. A great fan of Charles Chaplin, he borrowed the moustache, combed his hair uniquely, thereby making an asset out of his otherwise intensely insignificant features. (See Figures 3 and 4.) Instantly recognizable, even from a distance, he became his own trademark.

In spite of the fact that he had history's finest fashion designer, Hermann Goering, creating the uniforms of the Third Reich, Hitler insisted on affecting the comparatively colorless uniform of a corporal; a magnificent job of image-making. Advertising man David Ogilvy, in creating the image for Schweppes, didn't wear the beard himself. He gave that honor to his friend the Commander. Adolf would have approved.

While we are on the subject of uniforms, the Freudian implications of high black leather boots, riding crops, and Storm Trooper choreography make our attempts with red convertibles, plastic squeeze bottles, and brand names like Score or Mustang look like practice.

[MCLUHAN MORALITY]

HITLER DISCOVERED, and used, the now popular "McLuhan Morality" long before McLuhan did. The medium under Hitler was the message as no medium has ever been, before or since. The question of whether Hitler himself actually wrote and designed all of his advertisements, or whether they were actually done by his copy writer Herr Goebbels, is academic and meaningless. He got them done, that being the genius of all great advertising men.

He even knew intuitively that by programming his rallies at night he would catch his audience when its intellectual resistance was low, but potential emotional response was soaring. All this long before "prime time."

Finally, in nearly all of the known techniques of advertising, Hitler was the forerunner. His use of stridency, repetition, simplicity, and superlatives are models of successful propagandizing. But his most powerful tool was still making the absurd seem believable—even desirable. The "White Knight," hair preparations with aphrodisiac properties, ten-foot high washing machines—all these are surely no more fantastic than Hitler's vision of the "perfect society"—and it sold better.

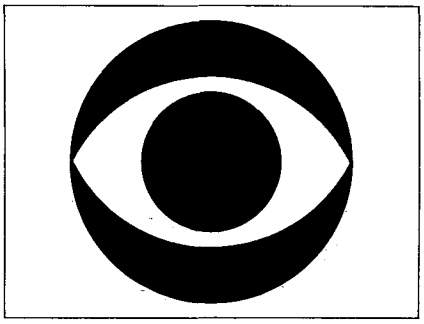

Figure 1

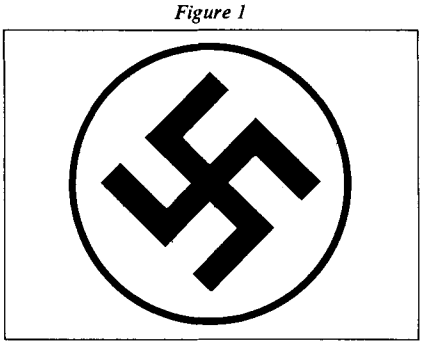

Figure 2

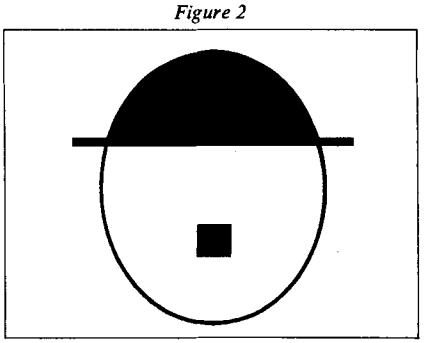

Figure 3

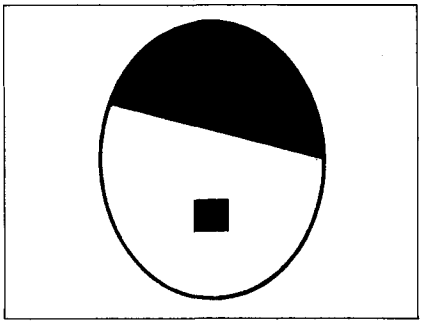

Figure 4

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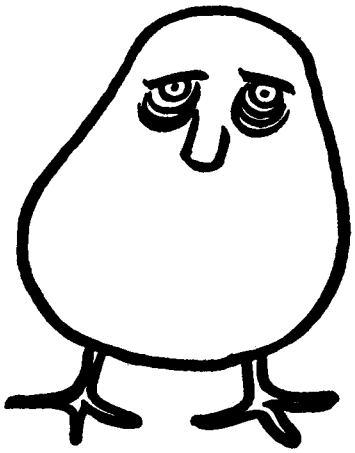
[The Truth Shall Make Ye Silly Putty]



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Opinion:

THE PLOT THICKENS

by William Turner

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR in New Orleans, District Attorney Jim Garrison is an ominous threat to the Warren Report establishment, which includes about every distinguished ear-bender and bureaucrat from Washington to Dallas. Ramsey Clark, the new attorney general, said Garrison was just treading on ground the FBI had already investigated and discounted. Most Warren Commission members expressed cautious doubts that he had anything, and Congressman Gerald Ford, whose book *Portrait of the Assassin*, concludes unequivocably that Oswald did it alone, demanded that Garrison turn over to the FBI whatever he did have. "What?" boomed Garrison, "and wait another three years?"

Except for some discreet checks here and there, the FBI has not re-opened its investigation, but is waiting and hoping Garrison falls flat on his face. Should it get involved in further inquiry and again come up with nothing, it reasons, it would again leave itself open to whitewash charges. Even more discomfiting to the prestige-conscious bureau is the prospect that Garrison does have a case —which would make the G-men look like the rankest of amateurs. Garrison has complained that he has received absolutely no cooperation from the FBI; it refused, for example, to make available the results of its investigation of the enigmatic David Ferrie immediately following the assassination.

This solid wall of antipathy and, at times, hostility, could in the end block Garrison from getting at the whole truth even though his New Orleans theory is soundly structured. "We have no authority outside of Orleans Parish," explained a Garrison investigator—"and not only the FBI but the Dallas police and district attorney have refused to cooperate with us." The possibility that agencies are not only snubbing Garrison, but trying to learn his moves in order to checkmate them has occurred to his investigators.

"There goes that FBI voice relay," remarked one, picking up the phone and referring to the automatic devices to start tape recorders. "We have to assume everything is monitored."

That Garrison should buck a formidable segment of the establishment seems singularly inappropriate for a politician with further political aspirations. Skeptics say he is trying to make political hay out of his investigation, and is aiming beyond it at the governorship of Louisiana. But by the same token, if his case should fall flat, he would plunge into political oblivion. In truth, Garrison seems to possess rare courage: he has successfully bucked the powers-that-be before, and is supremely confident that he can do it again. The six and a half foot giant from Dennison, Iowa (his father stood close to seven feet) has exhibited an independent streak ever since graduating from Tulane Law School. He ran as an underdog independent for district attorney, blasting the corruptness of the incumbent administration. He reformed a parole system in which paroles could be bought, has collected more bail bond forfeitures from bondsmen than all of his predecessors, and has never lost a murder case. Once known as a Bourbon Street swinger, he aroused the ire of French Quarter inhabitants when he became D.A. by padlocking a number of girlie joints. Garrison's most celebrated bout was with the city's judges, whom he accused of taking overly extensive vacations and running too short sessions. The judges sued for defamation, but Garrison won out in the Supreme Court.

Garrison is obviously a tough, competent investigator, and it was the series of implausibilities in the Warren Report, such as the close spacing of the shots and the theory that one bullet penetrated both Kennedy and Connally, that first aroused his curiosity. Once into the 26 volumes, he discovered the incredible number of loose ends to the investigation. "Garrison doesn't believe there was an express conspiracy in government to suppress the truth," says Louis Gurvich who, with his brother William, operates the largest detective agency in the South, "but he does believe there was a tacit understanding that to delve too deep might not be in the 'national interest.'" This was implicit, Gurvich points out, in the premature conclusion of J. Edgar Hoover, barely three weeks after the assassination, that Oswald and Ruby both acted independently.

The Gurvichs, quiet-spoken men in their mid-forties like Garrison, have been key confidants to Garrison and prime movers of his investigative task force. Louis, who once aspired to become a history professor, sees an analogy to the Dreyfus case in the government's initially superficial inquiry and its refusal to re-open the case.

Gurvich scoffs at Attorney General Clark's statement that David Ferrie and Clay Shaw, whom Garrison claims figured in the assassination scheme, were investigated and cleared by the FBI in 1963. "What do they mean by investigated?" he asks. "Shaw was a big man in this town—head of the International Trade Mart—and they may have asked him some questions in a deferential manner. But I doubt that they really interrogated him hard and kicked over every stone as they would have in the case of a less prestigious suspect." And both he and Garrison are convinced, says Gurvich, that the Commission's probe was fatally flawed by undue haste ("The FBI buzzed around here like every day was the last," he recalled) and the lack of someone with an overview to correlate the mass of reports and memoranda, most of them wholly irrelevant, that poured in from the FBI.

What is Garrison's theory? The D.A. and his men are wisely keeping their own counsel. When Ed Gutman, the former press secretary to Bobby Kennedy in the Department of Justice and now an editor of the Los Angeles Times, dropped into New Orleans on his way to New York, Garrison and Gurvich took him to lunch but didn't drop any facts. "He probably was sizing up our intelligence quotient for Bobby," said Gurvich. "Bobby's always been leery of the kooky critics." About all that is certain is that Garrison's suspects include Cubans as well as Americans.

When the Cuban angle first became evident, Garrison was besieged by right wingers and anti-Castroites who assumed

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he had detected the hand of Castro in the affair. Now they have backed off, since it is palpable that he is on the spoor of anti-Castro fanatics. His sleuths have spent considerable time in Miami, another center of emigre activity. One theory attributed to Garrison is that Oswald was importuned by an anti-Castro faction to get a Cuban visa in Mexico City in order to assassinate Castro and, failing that, was turned on Kennedy, whose lack of overt action against Castro made him unpopular among the more volatile emigres. This theory necessarily renders Oswald a phony leftist, which is not a far-fetched idea.

The testimony of Mrs. Sylvia Odio that she was visited by two Latins and Oswald in Dallas in late September 1963, is apparently an integral part of Garrison's investigation. Mrs. Odio was a member of the Jure faction led by Manuel Ray; her parents have been imprisoned in Cuba since 1961, for contributing to Ray. The Odio family was aristocratic and wealthy, and Mrs. Odio suspects the purpose of the visit was to sound her out about funds. The next day, she said, one of the men, Leopoldo, telephoned her to mention that Oswald, an ex-Marine, had asserted that Kennedy should be killed for the way he had ignored the emigres. Mrs. Odio was unenthusiastic, and no further contact was made. The Warren Commission put little stock in her story, contending it was highly unlikely Oswald could have been in Dallas at the time. Yet she insisted that it was Oswald, and her sister, who was also present, concurred. Recently CBS Television interviewed her at San Juan, Puerto Rico, where she now lives. She still maintains the Warren Commission was wrong, and complains of being "harrassed and hounded" by the FBI.

Also, Garrison is said to have a photograph which shows several of the same Cubans with whom Oswald associated in New Orleans on the Kennedy motorcade route in Dallas. His investigators attempted to question a Cuban now living in Dallas, but the man refused without District Attorney Bill Alexander and Dallas police being present. And Garrison admittedly is strongly interested in Jack Ruby and his possible connection with Cuban gun-running. Nancy Perrin Rich told the Warren Commission that her late husband Jack Perrin had been offered $10,000 by a group which included Ruby to run Enfield rifles into Cuba for use by insurgents. Perrin died in New Orleans in 1962 of arsenic poisoning; the coroner decided the poison was voluntarily consumed. Ramparts has furnished Garrison information suggesting that a Ruby employee was in New Orleans recruiting people to come to Dallas prior to the assassination.

Garrison has not overlooked the possibility that Oswald was framed. "When he kept repeating, 'I'm just a patsy,' " says Louis Gurvich, "he may just have been right." The false Oswald theory has considerable substance. One angle Garrison is working on is that a look-alike for Oswald was seen with David Ferrie—at the time Oswald was in Minsk.

So Jim Garrison, who found the Warren Report an insult to his integrity, continues to play his lone hand. If he manages to rake in the chips, the Warren Report, intended as a national catharsis, will look more like the bordereau.

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My Father & Stokely Carmichael

MY FATHER, at whose house I had spent the night after arriving in Chicago, accompanied me to the SNCC office. "Jesus," he said, "this is really rock bottom. This is the poorest section of the Negro part of town. Why would anyone want to set up an office down here?" My father is not too hep to the action these days. He's like many old Negroes: they woke up on the white man late in their lives and are very bitter to learn that they have been tricked.

The building was an old wooden apartment house about five stories high with a faded brownstone exterior. You had second thoughts about opening the door to go in. SNCC was on the third floor. We made our way up the dark stairs and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" A girl's voice filtered through the door. It must have been only a ritual you go through before opening your door to anyone, because when I answered "Eldridge" the door was opened. She'd never seen me, but she stepped back to let us come in. Inside, a record player was booming out John Coltrane. A chubby little baby was romping about on the floor, and an intense young black man was hunched over a typewriter painfully pecking at the keys. I explained who I was, and said I had arranged to meet Stokely Carmichael.

The girl regarded me narrowly for a moment, her intelligent brown eyes emitting a very soft twinkle. Softness was her central quality. She looked soft and warm, soft and brown, and her hair was worn in the natural style of blacks who are no longer ashamed of the hair with which their race is endowed. We took off our coats and the girl got on the phone and started calling people to find out where Stokely was. "I know he's supposed to be here at twelve thirty," she said.

The youth at the typewriter turned out to be the son of Sarah Wright, the noted black poet. He was busy working on an essay attacking American imperialism both abroad and in the black ghettos. He kept picking up books from his desk and asking me if I had read them: *Das Kapital*, Nkrumah's *Neo-Colonialism*, *The Wretched of the Earth*.

"I want to go to Africa to study," he kept saying. "I got to get ready. I got to get my stuff together."

by Eldridge Cleaver

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The girl hung up the phone and turned to me. "Stokely will be available about one o'clock."

I didn't want to hang around that office with my father until one o'clock, mainly because he had begun asking a barrage of questions: Who's Nkrumah? Who wrote that book? So I told them that I would go pick up my luggage and hustle right back. Pa and I had lunch together. Then he ran and got his camera and started snapping pictures of me. I explained to him that this was a very important assignment for me and I had better go back alone because these people might not like it if I brought anyone else along.

When I got back to the SNCC office there was another cat there. He turned out to be David Llorens, a black writer whose works I knew. He had been sent over to take me to Stokely.

We sped through the icy Chicago streets towards the house where we were to meet Carmichael. He was sitting on the couch with a telephone in his hand. In the days to come I was to be with Carmichael almost constantly and, when he was not moving, making speeches, or eating, he was on the telephone. He simply could not sit down for ten minutes without being called to the phone or feeling the urge to call someone up himself.

Photographs by Black Star

We ate, ran red lights to get downtown as fast as possible. Stokely was an hour late for a TV taping with Irv Kupcinet, Chicago's leading TV personality. A white lady got on the up elevator. She was reading a sheaf of papers and didn't notice us until the elevator doors closed. Then she looked to her left and flinched when she saw Cleveland Sellers, immediately averting her eyes. Then she looked to her right and there was Carmichael in his ubiquitous dark glasses. Finally, she looked back over her shoulder into my face. She suddenly grew very rigid and seemed to shrivel up. When she reached her floor she rushed from the elevator as though from some evil presence. After the doors had closed we all had a big laugh. "They can't do with us and they can't do without us," Carmichael said.

When the elevator reached Kupcinet's studio, a throng, Kupcinet in the center, was waiting. Carmichael was rushed to his seat. Center stage was set up with a coffee table surrounded on three sides by comfortable couches facing the TV cameras. Seated on one of the couches was Congressman Roman Pucinski, a member of Adam Clayton Powell's House Education and Labor Committee and a leader in the fight to strip Powell of his chairmanship. Also present were Archibald Carey, a Negro judge and the preacher of a large Negro Christian church; Rich C. Kriegel, a representative of the U.S. State Department; and Studs Terkel, a liberal Chicago radio commentator.

The show started out amiably enough with a few mild questions about Adam Clayton Powell and the then fresh news of the action against him in Congress. Congressman Pucinski rambled off all the cliches against Powell, and endorsed every one of them. Then Carmichael got to talk. He wanted to know why Pucinski and his fellow congressmen were so willing to strip Powell of his position but wouldn't raise a finger to oust congressmen from Mississippi and Alabama who held their seats because Negroes had been intimidated, murdered, and kept from voting.

Carmichael then talked about Vietnam. He had brought with him a briefcase filled with authoritative material because he wanted to be able to back up every remark with quotes from respectable types. Congressman Pucinski, the man from State, and Judge Carey carried the ball for the Johnson administration, while Carmichael and Terkel emerged united against them. "I'm not being political!" Carmichael would scream. "We're discussing the lives of human beings. Men, women, and children are being butchered in Vietnam every day. I'm talking about murder.

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MURDER! DO YOU HEAR? I'm talking about the fact that if I kill a man with slanted eyes on the street I go to jail, but if I do it in Vietnam I get a medal. I'm talking about who has the right to tell me to go commit murder. Who has the right to define for me who my enemies are? Killing another person is the most serious step that a man can take. If I ever reach the point where I want to kill someone, I'm going to be the one who makes that decision."

Pucinski, Carey, and Kriegel couldn't understand why Carmichael said that he would not fight in that war, or why Terkel was so concerned about America becoming a nation of moral monsters. After it became clear that it was hopeless to try to communicate on those issues, Carmichael said, "Hey, Bobby Dylan has the perfect line for you cats: 'You know something is happening but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones.' " Just before the show broke up, Carey sighed heavily, admitted that he was confused and that most of what had been said that day had gone over his head. The State Department's man made an announcement that he was opening a recruiting office in the area and he gave a long list of the various skills in which he was interested. When he had finished, David Llorens said, "He didn't say poets; he doesn't want any poets!" It was our luck to get into the same elevator with the man from the State Department. All the way down David Llorens kept asking him, "Why didn't you ask for poets?" And the State Department man kept answering, "I didn't read all the list, I didn't read all the list."

AS WE DROVE AWAY from the studio, the radio was blowing black music. It was during this drive that I began to form my picture of Carmichael. The record "Tell It Like It Is" began playing. This is a soulful song, the blues, of the people. When it first came on, Carmichael gave a loud whoop, clapped his hands and began singing along with the radio. I wondered how Martin Luther King or Whitney Young or Roy Wilkins would have reacted to the same music.

We headed down to the ghetto to talk to the black nationalists at the headquarters of a group called ACT for Freedom. There were about 200 black radicals inside waiting for Stokely. The first question took us all by surprise. "Stokely," a cat with a Jomo Kenyatta skull cap asked, "What're you doing downtown talking to white folks? Why don't you have time for your own people?"

"I don't know what you mean when you say that I don't have any time for my own people. For the past six years my entire life has gone to my people."

"Then why is it that every time you come to Chicago," another cat asked, "you always come to talk to white folks?"

This was followed by a barrage of similar statements. They knew Stokely was going to speak that evening at the University of Chicago. At least ten people voiced similar points of view, and they became increasingly bitter. I was surprised to see that Stokely was sitting in front of the throng with his legs crossed, listening very calmly to criticism that had become very personal. He broke his silence at one point to say, "My record speaks for itself," but mostly he just heard them out. One of them quoted LeRoi Jones on the futility of talking to white folks. Then they quieted down to hear Stokely defend himself.

"I came to Chicago to speak at the University because some people there got together, set up a meeting, sold tickets, and asked me to come. That was a paid engagement. We need money to operate, brothers and sisters. Those are the hard facts of life. You cats sit here and talk all this shit, but what are you doing? If you want me to come here and speak to you, why don't you organize a meeting and then ask me to come? Are you willing to finance my activity? Are you? This is one of the major pitfalls of black people. We want to control our organizations, but we are not willing to support them. Then when we see someone else trying to do the job the best he can, instead of lending a hand, we lay back and take pot shots at him.

"I'm going to tell you cats just like it is. My base is in the South. I have support in the South. But you cats are not really with me. The police could grab me and beat my head in, and you cats won't do a goddam thing about it. But when the police messed with me in Atlanta, niggers got together and tore the town up—and they let me go. The police let me go, because they knew that the black people weren't going to just stand around and let them fuck over me. We've got to understand that. We've got to make the white man understand that there are 20,000,000 black people in this country and that when they mess with one black man they got to mess with 20,000,000 black people. That's why I'm supporting Adam Clayton Powell. I'm not supporting Powell because I think he is such a shining example to black people. I'm supporting Powell because he's the most powerful black politician this country has ever had. So when they stripped him of his power, they were castrating a black man who was in a position to help us.

"We have just started our drive to organize black people in the Northern ghettos. We have to proceed the best way we know how. And you cats shouldn't be waiting around for us to come in. Get up and start organizing the people. *Organize!* That is the only thing that counts."

"Stokely," one man asked, "why don't you move to Chicago and help us get rid of Martin Luther King?"

Stokely broke into a smile. The mood of the meeting had shifted, and from that moment on there was no more

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criticism of Stokely. It became clear that the earlier criticism was something of a ritual. The full love which they all felt for him began to flow through the room, and you could feel it in the air. "We can't be everywhere at once," Stokely answered. "And we don't want to get into a fight with King. We have enough on our hands fighting the Man. Daley would like nothing better than for SNCC to get into a fight with King. That way he could get rid of us both. If you want to get rid of King—or anybody else—it's up to you to get together right here in Chicago. There are enough black people in Chicago to take over—if you get together and get rid of the Uncle Toms. Once you start organizing you'll find that things start happening and you will be able to do anything. And don't worry about ideology. I always say that my work is my ideology. You will find that after you get going, your ideology will develop out of your struggle."

At that point, Cleveland Sellers, program coordinator for SNCC, stepped in. "I'm sorry folks, but he has to go. We're already late. We were supposed to be at the University at eight o'clock."

"Let the white folks wait!" somebody shouted from the back of the room. "We waited 400 years for them, so let the bastards wait on us now."

From backstage at the University hall, we could see that the ACT cats had done a very peculiar thing. They had stationed themselves around the hall at strategic points, similar to the way in which the Fruit of Islam elite guards stand at Black Muslim meetings. They were guarding Stokely. They appeared to be unarmed.

During the question period following Stokely's enthusiastically received speech, a white girl asked him who the guys standing guard were, and if he thought he needed protection from the white students.

"Do you want me to introduce you to them?" Stokely asked her. "They are a beautiful bunch of black brothers. They're looking out for me."

THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN the drama in the black psyche in America that a generation of men would arise and go back to the South to strike the chains from the slavemasters' minds. Stokely Carmichael belongs to the first generation of Negroes who had the courage to return. The generation of Negroes who kicked off the sit-ins among black college students is different from anything that has gone before. Now it is six years later and these youngsters have grown into tough, battle-tested veterans. They have become conscious revolutionaries. Having started out trying to change the world by forcing America to reexamine its conscience, these revolutionaries have been frustrated in that approach, and they now look with scorn upon doctrines that ask them to love their enemy. Carmichael says: "I'm not in the Movement out of love. I'm in the Movement because I hate. I hate racism and I'm out to smash it or it's going to smash me. When we first went down South, the papers tried to make it look like we wanted to sit next to Bull Connor and Ross Barnett and eat hot dogs. That's a lie. We went South to render those crackers impotent over our lives."

They went South. In this fact is contained a revolution. There is a vast difference between Negroes who are willing to go South and all those generations whose ambition was to flee the South. A cycle has been completed. The real work for the liberation of black people in America has begun.

A new cycle has begun in another way, too: the great popular black nationalist leaders like Marcus Garvey, Elijah Muhammad, and Malcolm X all never finished high school. Stokely Carmichael is the first of his stature to receive a college degree.

The history of the national liberation struggles in Africa and in the world in general hints that the success of the struggle for liberation awaits the arrival of intellectuals who have thrown off the shackles of the slave and are willing to put their talents and genius selflessly to work for the masses. Up until now, one of the traditional complaints of the black masses has been of the treachery of black intellectuals. Most of the first rate black writers America has produced have been men with little or no formal education, such as Richard Wright and James Baldwin. And of the first rate black writers, like W.E.B. Dubois and Ralph Ellison, who have had a formal education, none until now has been able to communicate with the black masses of his time. But today the college-educated LeRoi Jones is part of a new generation of radical black writers, just as Stokely Carmichael is part of a new generation of radical black leaders.

Among Stokely's important future plans is a trip to Africa. This trip will be a key move in SNCC's drive to internationalize black America's struggle for human rights. But contrary to a lot of doctrinaire black nationalists, Stokely believes that the most important area outside the USA, as far as forging working alliances is concerned, is Latin America. Within the next ten years, the struggle for liberation from American domination throughout Latin America will provide black America with some very important and strong allies. By turning such a hopeful eye toward Latin America, Carmichael gives a hint of a quality that is forever breaking through and which distinguishes him from a lot of black nationalists who have been overly influenced by the racist philosophy of the Black Muslims. "We've got to learn who to coalition with and who not to coalition with. We've got to make specific

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alliances on specific issues. My enemy's enemy is my friend. I may not love him; I may even hate him. But if he can help me get the hooks and claws of the eagle out of my throat I want to talk to him."

The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee has already formed an official, public alliance with the independence movement in Puerto Rico. SNCC has agreed to throw its influence behind Puerto Rican nationalists in their struggle for U.N. membership and recognition as a sovereign nation. In turn, the Puerto Rican nationalists have committed themselves to an all-out effort to raise the problem of black America before the U.N. and to lobby unceasingly for support in this effort from the Afro-Asian bloc.

Carmichael is very bitter against people who refuse to take a principled stand on the issue. He says, "When Muhammad Ali took a stand against the war in Vietnam, I was very happy, because now I had someone else to back me up. But then white America screamed on the cat and he folded up. That did not make me too happy."

The essence of what Carmichael is doing is calling for a showdown with racism. He says, "The civil rights movement was good because it demanded that blacks be admitted into the system. Now we must move beyond the stage of demanding entry to the new stage of changing the system itself." He is calling for a showdown. In this context, he, along with all the other activists I talked with during the tour, was very resentful of the passive role the Black Muslims have been playing. "They talk strong, but they won't do anything but kill another black man," one man told me.

Each time he gave a talk, Stokely would quote *Alice in Wonderland:* "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "who is to be master, that's all."

Stokely told his audiences that one of the most important aspects of the struggle for Black Power was the right to define. Black people have been the victims of white America's definitions. White people defined black people as inferior, as Negroes and niggers, as second-class citizens. By reacting to white America's definitions, the blacks allowed themselves to be put in a bag which white America controlled. But now black people must demand the right to define themselves. White America has defined black as evil, Carmichael explains. "I have a little syllogism for that. According to America, everything black is evil; I'm black; therefore I'm evil.

"There is something wrong with that," he goes on to explain," because I'm black and I'm good." He never fails to score heavily with his audience when he says that.

His favorite example of this always elicited a hysterical response, from both black and white audiences. "Here is a perfect example of the power to define in action. During the civil rights movement, black leaders would say: 'We want to integrate.' And then white people would come along and define what integration means. They'd say: 'You want to integrate? That means that you want to marry my daughter.' What the Negro leaders had actually meant was that they wanted more jobs, better schools, housing, and an end to police brutality, and things like that. But when the whites defined integration as meaning that blacks wanted to marry their daughters, these leaders lost out by reacting to the white definition. So they ended up explaining: 'No, we don't want to marry your daughter. We don't want to be your brother-in-law, we want to be your brother. We don't want to live in your bedroom, we just want to live next door.'

"The point is that when these Negroes started reacting to these white definitions, they were backed against the wall before they knew what was happening. They had come in with an indictment that put white America on the defensive. But by allowing white America to define what integration meant, these Negroes allowed themselves and the people for whom they spoke to be placed on the defensive. That is a bunch of crap. What we must do is define our own terms. When whites come to me with that crap, I just tell them, look, 'Your daughter, your wife, your sister, your mama—the white woman is not the queen of the earth, she's not the Virgin Mary. The white woman can be made just like any other woman. Now let's move on.' We must not react to white definitions.

"When I say black power, I know exactly what I'm talking about. But the white man runs up to me and says, 'Black Power: that means violence, doesn't it?' I refuse to react to that. I know what I'm talking about. If the white man doesn't know what I'm talking about, that's his problem, because black people understand me and that is who I'm talking to anyway."

On this same point, Carmichael points out how forces hostile to the black liberation struggle can steal the fire of the movement by co-opting its slogans. He says that LBJ killed the civil rights movement the moment he stood before nationwide TV and said, "We shall overcome." "But he will never," Carmichael says, "stand before the nation and say, 'We want Black Power.' "

Eldridge Cleaver, formerly a member of the Black Muslims, is currently chairman of the Malcolm X Afro-American Society in the Bay Area.

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1] How I got in, and why I came out of the Cold:

as told to the editors

When it was announced that a CIA recruiter would visit the university campus where I was studying, I decided to contact him. I had previously served in a military intelligence branch and had found a certain challenge and spirit of adventure, even an intellectual stimulation, in gathering and fitting together the pieces that composed an intelligence picture. It was 1959, before the thaw in the Cold War and the start of the hot little war in Vietnam. I was what might be called, for the sake of political labeling, a liberal Democrat, and I was convinced that a professional intelligence apparatus was vital to the defense of a free society. I envisioned the CIA as a tidy professional group modeled after Britain's MI-5, and I pictured its role as confined to a battle of wits with "the opposition."

The CIA recruiter was noncommittal. I knew my background would interest him. But he merely jotted down my vital statistics and vaguely remarked he would "be in touch."

Months went by, and I had almost forgotten about the CIA when I received a long distance call. "We're really interested in you; can you come to Washington?" This time the testing started in earnest. First a rigid physical exam, then psychological tests. Finally I was ushered into an office for a psychiatric interview, and there sat the psychiatrist with his fly unzipped. I studiously ignored the display, not wishing to embarass him, but later learned that the little psychological shocker was just one of many to test a man's personality.

The wind-up of this grueling session was a series of interviews. It was evident by this time that they pretty well knew what made me tick. I left, certain only that all of me—my past, present and future—was now securely and permanently filed with the CIA.

It was only a short time before I got *the* call: "We can use you." I reported to a ramshackle World War II building in the Foggy Bottom section of Washington that the CIA had inherited as the postwar stepchild of OSS. There were 60 of us in the training class. We were called Junior Officer Trainees, or JOTs; The CIA refrains from calling its direct employees "agents."

In background and appearance we were a fairly heterogeneous lot. One JOT was a lanky professional type; another a brawny former athlete; another a rotund, jovial stereotype of the insurance salesman. The largest group of us seemed to be from the Ivy League universities, with a heavy representation from West Coast institutions such as Stanford and UCLA, and a fair-sized contingent from the Southern schools. As for political outlook, the largest part of the group was what I would term establishment liberal, although there were a few jingoists like the cocky, rather loudmouthed ex-Marine and the tough, would-be Kentucky colonel. There were no Negroes (a later class did have one) and no Orientals. There were no women JOTs either, because the Agency was leery of investing considerable time and money in marriage-prone females. However, it turned out that there were several husband-wife teams posted to small remote stations, in which case the wife was given a nominal JOT classification and trained to assist in routine clerical work.

I found that the bulk of my classmates had been motivated to join the CIA by extra-monetary considerations—the standard pay was hardly a princely sum. A JOT started at government pay level GS-7, at approximately $7500 a year, although a JOT with a PhD was usually afforded a GS-9. By comparison, and it was a source of some disgruntlement, FBI agents, who didn't have to risk their necks outside the U.S. started at GS-10. But the CIA quite logically feels that if one is in strictly for mercenary reasons, he is susceptible to being bought off by "the opposition." Melodramatic as it may seem, I would say that the vast majority of our class had

Photography by Carl Fischer

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been attracted by the romance, real or imagined, that they associated with the espionage trade.

FIRST ON THE TRAINING AGENDA was a two-day indoctrination. There were pep talks on the history of the CIA and the indispensible role it was playing in fighting communism and preserving the American way of life. The pitch was subtle; these were not brass-band superpatriots, but intelligent men. Espionage is a dirty game, we were told, but the ruthless and unscrupulous tactics of "the opposition" left us no alternative but to fight fire with fire.

We were shown Agency-produced films depicting the CIA in action, films which displayed a kind of Hollywood flair for the dramatic that is not uncommon inside the Agency. A colleague who went through a 1963 training class told of a film on the U-2 episode. In his comments prefatory to the film, his instructor intimated that President Eisenhower "blew his cool" when he did not continue to deny that the U-2 was a CIA aircraft. But no matter, said the instructor, the U-2 was in sum an Agency triumph, for the planes had been overflying Soviet territory for at least five years. During this time the Soviet leaders had fumed in frustration, unable to bring down a U-2 on the one hand, and reluctant to let the world know of their inability, on the other. The photography contained in the film confirmed that the "flying cameras" had accomplished a remarkable job of reconnaissance. When the film ended and the lights came on, the instructor gestured toward the back of the room and announced: "Gentlemen, the hero of our film." There stood Francis Gary Powers. The trainees rose and applauded.

The training lectures and films gave analyses of domestic and international communism. The Communist Party, USA, was described as something of a toothless tiger, defanged by FBI counterintelligence. But international communism was touted as a formidable global threat. It soon became evident that in the CIA idiom, the term "anti-communism" was a recurring shibboleth, and I became aware that the Agency's covert support of political factions around the world was predicated on how "anti-communist" those factions were. It was not until much later that I realized that many of the factions favored by the CIA were equally, if not more, totalitarian than their communist opposition.

During the lectures, the jealousies that exist between the various "spook" agencies forming the intelligence community began to surface. I recall one instructor boasting that the CIA never had a defector, while the National Security Agency was as "leaky as an old tub." Nor was there any love lost between the CIA and the FBI, an alienation that had historical roots. When OSS was disbanded after World War II, J. Edgar Hoover pushed to take over its overseas intelligence functions but was rebuffed by President Truman, who was chary of concentrating too much power in one pair of hands. When Truman created the CIA as a surrogate, Hoover never forgot it, and he seemed to delight in letting the Agency know he knew of its missteps.

The urgency of being security-conscious at all times was constantly drummed into us. We were instructed that if another JOT ever became ill or was injured in our presence, we were not to leave him alone, on the theory that in a semi-conscious condition he might unwittingly betray secret information. We were also told not to detail our backgrounds to our fellow trainees. This set the stage for a little security game. One by one we were taken aside and confidentially assigned another trainee from whom we were to try to casually elicit as much background information as possible. Not only did the exercise demonstrate how much data could be gleaned from a person without his knowing it, but it detected several trainees who were prone to babble about their past in disregard of instructions.

Security precautions taken by the Agency were extreme. Even inside the closely guarded premises, typewriter ribbons had to be removed from the machines at the close of business and locked up in safes. For highly secret conversations within the Agency we were not to use the ordinary intra-building phones, but a special "red line" whose security was repeatedly being checked. And we knew that at any time, in training or in the field, we might be picked at random for a polygraph test to insure that we had not become a security risk in the interim.

Despite this obsession with a security rubric, the CIA was in some ways vulnerable. For one thing, the Agency encouraged bachelors to share apartments, and married couples tended to cluster together in the same apartments or housing developments; it didn't take long for neighbors familiar with the Washington scene to sense a "spook." Although most of our social life was spent with other Agency people, we did go to "outside" cocktail parties and social affairs, and when the inevitable question "What do *you* do?" arose, we would mumble something about being an "evaluator with DOD" (Department of Defense), then wait for the cynical smile. Some sporting types co-inhabited with girls, usually Agency girls, but nonetheless, they were leaving themselves open to compromise and possible breaches of security.

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AFTER THE INITIAL training phase we entered the phase called Tradecraft, in which we learned the actual methods and techniques of a spy. Since we were to leave Washington, we were to tell anyone who asked that we were on a volunteer DOD mission of "program evaluation." The Agency became "the company," a euphemism commonly used by CIA officers. We flew in a plane belonging to one of the CIA's private airlines to a base several hundred miles away.

The Tradecraft course included how to recruit agents, file reports and conduct physical surveillances. Experts in invisible inks and writing, bugging and wiretapping, lockpicking, photography, microfilming and microdots, and other espionage crafts flew from Washington to teach us the rudiments. We weren't expected to acquire expertise ourselves—we could always request "the company" to send out a safecracker or forger. But we were expected to develop some proficiency in case of emergency.

We were flown to New York City and practiced tapping and bugging each other's hotel rooms. The extent of the CIA's electronic eavesdropping, incidentally, is anybody's guess. The Agency has sophisticated devices that can be attached to telephone trunk lines and automatically record conversations. The FBI has a measure of accountability for its eavesdropping, but the CIA could be spending millions of dollars a year on the practice, and no one would be the wiser.

We drilled in radio communication and dead drops (special places to leave messages for agents). We ran through practical problems: for one, the proper approach to a Communist Party member who was thought to be ripe for defection. We staged exercises similar to war games in which we were CIA agents in an enemy country. We would hang around outside a naval yard, for example, quizzing workers to see how much "intel" about the yard and the ships we could obtain. We had to take surreptitious photographs, from less than five feet, of a policeman, a store detective and others. In case we were picked up by the police, the FBI or shipyard security people, we were instructed to try to talk our way out. Failing that, we were given a special Washington number to call, but to call it obviously meant we had failed as potential spies.

It soon became apparent that our instructors were sizing up our suitability even during off-duty hours. In one gambit they would join us at the base bar and keep rounds of drinks coming to test our alcohol tolerance. A couple of trainees who became tipsy after a few drinks were quietly phased out of the program. But the bar was also a prime source of information. I discovered from other base personnel, over a few friendly drinks, that groups of Cubans were secretly being trained in an isolated part of the base. I presume these Cubans later went ashore at the Bay of Pigs.

The Bay of Pigs, incidentally, was a terrible blow to CIA morale. After the debacle, the word spread through the company grapevine (I assume it represented the thinking at the top, since it was repeated by fairly high officials) that the operation had failed because "Kennedy lost his nerve" and reneged on a commitment to provide air cover for the landing force. At the time of the invasion, Castro had only a few obsolete Liberators, Mustangs and so forth, a ragtag air force that could have been driven from the sky by planes taking off from Florida. Kennedy got scared, it was said, so that the planes had to take off from Central America and thus were left with little time over the beaches. The equipment used in the invasion—ships, planes, guns—was surplus purchased by other nations, re-purchased by the CIA and completely "sanitized" to remove all American markings and serial numbers. In time, Agency employees took the philosophical position that "our exploits are unsung, our misadventures are known to the world." Still it is strange that even after the Bay of Pigs the "company" continued to train Cuban counter-insurgents at the base, and may still be training them. It apparently has never abandoned hope of clandestinely forming another invasion force.

FOLLOWING OUR "GRADUATION" from training school, we drew assignments. There are two main sides to the "company" house. One is DDI (Deputy Director for Intelligence), which is the overt side. DDI openly collects and collates material that may have some bearing on intelligence. Its representatives, who carry CIA credentials, recruit American citizens for the manifold positions within the Agency, brief and de-brief certain cooperative U.S. and foreign citizens who travel abroad, and perform similar functions. Most of the FBI retreads who join the "company" are funneled either into DDI or into the Agency's security department. Security does personnel screenings, keeps tabs on the security of the "company's" farflung operations, and acts as a sort of inspection staff, or "goon squad," to keep personnel in line and check on their activities.

The other side of the house, completely divorced from the DDI, is the DDP (Deputy Director for Plans), which handles covert or "black" operations. This is the down-and-dirty phase, embracing everything from espi-

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onage, or "intel," to the overthrow of governments. Some idea of the sweep of the DDP's activities can be gained from several recent projects: financing, training and supplying the Thai border police; training the household security force of the King of Nepal; supplying anti-communist guerrilla bands in Tibet; and using Project Camelot, an anthropological cover, for political manipulation in South America. Thus it was not surprising that the CIA'S man in the White House, who worked closely with McGeorge Bundy (and probably works closely with his successor), is a member of the DDP.

A DDI official I met tried to proselytize me by arguing that 90 percent of the Agency's intelligence comes through overt sources. "These spooks with the big budgets play a lot of cloak-and-dagger games," he said, "but not many of them pay off." Whether his estimate was true or not, I wasn't about to be talked out of the elite DDP.

My first assignment was on one of the foreign desks at headquarters. I reviewed reports coming in from overseas and made recommendations. Every once in a while I had to pull maps and photographs of cities behind the Iron Curtain and select park benches, bridges and other sites suitable for dead drops, meets and signal posts. Much of this material was pitifully outdated, and I had a sinking feeling some of the sites might no longer exist. It was at this point that some of the gloss began to rub off the Agency image.

This was, of course, a demanding business, and the Agency tolerated no mediocracy or dead wood. I ran into many veteran "intel" types, men who had spent perhaps 15 years in the field, who were being pulled back to headquarters and superannuated. They were washed up, and they knew it; they had spent their entire career in "intel" and knew no other trade, although the "company" makes efforts to ease them into the National Security Agency, Army Intelligence, or some other agency in which they can finish out their time until retirement (after all, a disgruntled agent is dangerous to security).

The extent of the Agency's operations is awesome—and a bit frightening. DDP operatives were planted in virtually every U.S. government branch that had foreign aspects, for example, the U.S. Information Agency, the Agency for International Development (AID), Radio Free Europe and the State Department (although State shied away from bestowing full diplomatic status on "company" men in a half-effort to keep its skirts clean abroad). The Agency runs all sorts of commercial and industrial front companies overseas. Air America in the Far East is a now well-known "company" enterprise; the Civil Air Transport is no longer subsidized by the Agency, but at least one of its board of directors is still a "company" man.

YET "RIDING THE DESK" in Washington headquarters did not impart any deep-seated doubts about the Agency and its role. The actual intelligence operations were distant happenings and it was easy to be academic and objective. When messages from an agent in a foreign country did not contain the safety signal—a deliberate mistake or misspelling to indicate that all was well and it became obvious that he had been captured and was being forced to communicate, the terrible fate that awaited him was only an abstraction to me. I didn't know the agent's name, only his code name, and he was no more than a pawn on a great chess board.

But eventually, when I was sent to a field station, such detachment was no longer possible. It was not that I feared arrest or exposure; I had been well trained and was confident of my Tradecraft skills. But suddenly the pieces I had manipulated so intellectually from my ivory tower at headquarters became real people. During the tedious process of recruiting and running them, I came to know them intimately.

Among them were students, many foreign students, and young idealists. From various sources I obtained reports, descriptions and evaluations of them, so that by the time I requested permission from headquarters to attempt to recruit them, I knew them like a book.

In the face of this interpersonal relationship, I often had to use the Agency's bag of dirty tricks to nail down a man's compliance. As an example, I might give him $10 "expenses" for his help in performing some innocuous task and get him to sign a U.S. government receipt. Then I would kite the amount to $1000 by adding zeros and threaten to expose his "valuable assistance" to us if he didn't cooperate. In time I came to despise this kind of deceit, especially when used against the young and the naive idealists. Their faces began to haunt me. The attrition among agents on both sides was high, and they probably sensed it. Some, obviously terrified at the thought, simply failed to meet me as arranged and dropped from sight. Others were arrested, and they disappeared. The ones that remained had been transformed into cynical, hardened spies.

This was not what I had bargained for. It was not pro pitted against pro. *I* was the pro, cheating, cajoling, persuading and blackmailing decent young men into a sordid business—all in the name of democracy.

Assassination was never explicitly mentioned, but

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the impression was unmistakenly left with us that it was at our disposal should there be no other way. I remember the training class' suspicion fell on an enigmatic group called Staff D, which was referred to only in whispers. There was no Staff A, B, or C. What did the "D" stand for? No one knew for sure, but a co-worker said his class had been told a story with a clear implication: a man photographed one of the staging areas in Nicaragua for the Bay of Pigs invasion; his photos included the numbers and markings on American planes which had not yet been removed. Hitchhiking from Florida to New York, he talked about it to a man who picked him up. The man chanced to be a CIA man returning from one of the Agency's numerous staging areas in Florida; he notified "the company." The hitchhiker was intercepted and interrogated. He could not be bought off—he was an idealist who was going to divulge the whole thing to the newspapers. "Well," the instructor who told the story stressed, "that man was on his way to the newspapers when he was struck by a laundry truck and killed. And those photos just plain disappeared."

There came a time when these things preyed on me incessantly, so rather than take a second tour in the field I opted to return to headquarters and from there go to paramilitary school. The stated purpose of paramilitary school was to train and equip us to become instructors for village peasants who wanted to defend themselves against guerrillas. I could believe in that.

Some of the training was conventional: but then we moved to the CIA's demolition training headquarters. It was here that Cubans had been, and still were, being trained in conventional and underwater demolition. And it was here that we received training in tactics which hardly conform to the Geneva Convention.

The array of outlawed weaponry with which we were familiarized included bullets that explode on impact, silencer-equipped machineguns, home-made explosives and self-made napalm for stickier and hotter Molotov cocktails. We were taught demolition techniques, practicing on late model cars, railroad trucks, and gas storage tanks. And we were shown a quick method of saturating a confined area with flour or fertilizer, causing an explosion like in a dustbin or granary.

And then there was a diabolical invention that might be called a mini-cannon. It was constructed of a concave piece of steel fitted into the top of a #10 can filled with a plastic explosive. When the device was detonated, the tremendous heat of friction of the steel turning inside out made the steel piece a white-hot projectile. There were a number of uses for the mini-cannon, one of which was demonstrated to us using an old Army school bus. It was fastened to the gasoline tank in such a fashion that the incendiary projectile would rupture the tank and fling flaming gasoline the length of the bus interior, incinerating anyone inside. It was my lot to show the rest of the class how easily it could be done. It worked, my God how it worked. I stood there watching the flames consume the bus. It was, I guess, the moment of truth. What did a busload of burning people have to do with freedom? What right did I have, in the name of democracy and the CIA, to decide that random victims should die? The intellectual game was over. I had to leave.

I RESIGNED for "personal reasons." The resignation was reluctantly accepted, for the Agency is always loath to lose a promising young JOT. I was subjected to the usual blandishments and veiled threats. But I had had it. I could see the road ahead: a career of lying, entrapping, possibly killing. The process had already begun: duplicity had become second nature to me and even in non-Agency relationships I had trouble telling the truth.

Up to now the American people have had little inkling of what goes on behind the CIA's curtain of secrecy. The decision to recruit students, to employ treachery, assassination and terrorism has been made by a small clique of CIA executives as their version of the requirements of "national security." I have told this story because I believe that the people, knowing the facts, would have quite a different version.

We have seen recently how the CIA infection has spread into myriad facets of our national life. The Agency is virulent because, in the final analysis, it is a bureaucracy. But unlike other bureaucracies it is unfettered by the normal checks and balances. It receives untold hundreds of millions of dollars annually with practically no accountability.

Thus it is a dangerous paradox that an agency created to preserve "national security" has become a clear danger to the American system. The continued proliferation of the CIA, with its corrupting money and its alien philosophy, could in the end destroy our democratic society, As Justice Brandeis once said, using the philosophy that the end justified the means in the name of justice invites terrible retribution.

Unless we restore the CIA to its original concept—a modest, stringently regulated group of professionals concerned purely with intelligence gathering—that retribution may not be too far away.

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2] How the CIA turns foreign students into traitors:

THE CIA IS CURRENTLY carrying on a major campaign within the United States of recruiting, and when necessary, blackmailing foreign students who are studying in this country, and turning them into spies against their own homeland. Six full-time agents are assigned to this program working out of the district offices of the CIA. They move from campus to campus in search of new foreign student talent.

The agents working the campuses operate under a Department of Defense cover. They carry Department of Defense credentials issued under a pseudonym and registered with DOD, in case anyone bothers to check.

The CIA works with foundations and professors who cooperate on the basis of "national interest," steering the agent to likely prospects among the students they know.

A source intimate with the CIA student recruitment operation gave Ramparts this picture of how it works:

The agent telephones the prospect, states he is from the Department of Defense and explains that he is concerned about how foreign students are getting along in the United States: "I would like to talk to you about your problems so we can help future students," is one approach. If the student sounds receptive, the agent immediately sets up an appointment. During a brief interview, he sizes the prospect up. If he looks promising, the agent sets up another appointment. This starts a series of meetings in which the agent—without revealing his true identity—pumps the student on his political views and tests his responses. In the meantime, the "firm" initiates a security check on the student.

While contact is being established, the agent asks the student to perform some small service for which he is "rewarded" with $10 or $20 for "expenses." However, the student must sign a U.S. government receipt "for services rendered." If the student should threaten to blow the story, he can be threatened by the vouchers which can be turned over to his government's embassy.

Finally, the proposal to engage in subversion against the student's government is formally made and substantial cash payments, sometimes up to $10,000 a year, are offered. Usually the guarantee of permanent status in the United States, if the student wishes to remain here when the job is completed, is thrown into the deal. If the student agrees, the agent then asks him to write out a contract in his own handwriting, and the agreement is irrevocably completed. Once the contract is signed, the student is hooked; he can be intimidated at any time by the threat of forwarding a copy of his contract to his embassy.

In intensive interviews on campuses around the country, Ramparts reporters have encountered numerous foreign students who have confirmed the attempts at CIA recruitment. Most of them have been unwilling to say this publicly out of fear for their own status in this country. One who wasn't, perhaps because he was already being harassed by the government, was a young man from Afghanistan named Abdul Latif Hotaki.

Hotaki came to this country in 1957, to study agricultural journalism at California State Polytechnic College, and soon became active in the Afghanistan Students Association. In 1961, he went to Berkeley to meet with Zia H. Noorzay, then president of the Afghan students.

When Hotaki got to Berkeley, he went to Noorzay's apartment. To Hotaki's surprise, a third person showed up—a CIA agent. His assignment: to recruit Hotaki to work for the CIA after his return to Afghanistan.

"The agent," says Hotaki, "was about 30 or 32. He told me money was no object. He said the purpose of the involvement was to make sure that Afghanistan maintained its friendship with the U.S." The three men talked in Noorzay's apartment. But Hotaki stalled off the agent and told him he would think about it.

Noorzay and other members of the Afghan student group urged Hotaki to accept the CIA's offer; it was a good thing, they argued—you got money, and scholarship aid. Noorzay told Hotaki that he had first been introduced to the CIA by an official of the American Friends of the Middle East—a CIA front organization which had regularly financed the student group.

According to Hotaki, the CIA tried twice more to recruit him. One attempt was made at the 1962 con-

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vention of the ASA in Washington, D.C. The second attempt came soon after, when Hotaki was in the San Francisco office of the American Friends of the Middle East. An official in that office told Hotaki that "scholarships would be available for me to attend Harvard, Stanford, or any other university I wanted to go to."

The CIA finally realized Hotaki wasn't going to cooperate. Perhaps because of this, the Immigration Service began harassing him about his visa, and for the last several years has been trying to deport him back to Afghanistan, despite the fact that Hotaki has an American wife and two children. His last deportation order, in February, was stayed only through legal aid provided by Los Angeles TV commentator Louis Lomax.

In the meantime, Noorzay, the ex-president of ASA, has returned to Afghanistan and is currently president of the Afghanistan state treasury. Hotaki claims a good number of the key officials in the Afghanistan government who studied in this country "are either CIA trained or indoctrinated. Some are cabinet level people."

CIA-FINANCED EDUCATIONAL and cultural organizations such as the American Friends of the Middle East provide the environment which improve the prospects of the kind of recruitment that was attempted on Abdul Hotaki.

AFME was organized in 1951, ostensibly for the non-political purpose of "bettering understanding between the peoples of the Middle East and the United States." Originally a militantly pro-Arab and anti-Zionist propaganda group, it has come, over the years, to be one of the chief arms of the CIA in the world of foreign students. The change in AFME seems to have taken place about 1960, soon after its current executive vice president, Edward W. Overton, came to the organization after eight years as a little-known federal bureaucrat. With Overton's arrival, AFME's income suddenly jumped: the CIA provided it with nearly $1 million in 1960—more than 90 per cent of its income. (The bulk of the CIA's largesse came via five foundations identified as CIA fronts: the San Jacinto Foundation of Houston, the Chesapeake Foundation of Baltimore, the Andrew Hamilton Fund of Philadelphia, the Broad-High Foundation of Columbus, and the Granary Fund of Boston.) And if holding the purse strings were not enough, the CIA also has good friends among the staff of AFME, including director Kermit Roosevelt, the CIA agent who engineered the overthrow of Premier Mossadegh of Iran in 1953.

Much of the CIA money goes to the AFME department of student affairs. Through this branch, AFME works with other American educational organizations, like the prestigious Institute of International Education, and with official government agencies, in bringing foreign students to this country. But AFME's department of student affairs also meddles in the politics of the foreign student organizations in the United States, using its CIA money to pay the bills of these organizations and as bait for them to take the "correct" political line.

The case of the Iranian Students Association is illustrative. The association was established in 1953, with the financial help and prodding of AFME. Until 1961, the Iranian students regularly received several thousand dollars each year from AFME for their activities. However, in 1961, the political complexion of the student organization changed to one of opposition to the dictatorial regime of the shah of Iran. AFME immediately cut off its support. Representatives of AFME, however, continued to appear at the Iranian students' annual convention to lobby for a change in the students' position to one of pro-shah, or at least a non-political one. Hassan Lebastchi, a former president of the students' association, remembers approaching Earl Bunting, chairman of AFME in 1963, to ask him whether AFME would be willing to support some specific non-political projects, such as publishing a directory of Iranian students in the U.S. Bunting asked whether the student group had changed its anti-shah position. Lebastchi said no. "In that case," said Bunting, "I'm sorry, we cannot help you."

The Afghan students, however, continued to get $3000-$4000 yearly from AFME.

They also received funds from the prestigious Asia Foundation, which in turn has received money from at least three different CIA conduits. Dr. Nate Kamrany, a past president of the Afghan Students Association who still advises the group and who now teaches economics at UCLA, commented blandly, "We don't assume that all CIA people are unfriendly. The CIA has more people with PhDs than any other organiaztion in the U.S. Time magazine said so. If the CIA asks me for advice on any subject, I will be happy to give it."

It is sufficient scandal that the CIA has secretly used public funds to coopt and subvert independent American student organizations. It is that much more abominable when foreign students, lured into this country by the promise of honesty, are bribed and corrupted, and turned into traitors against their own societies.

The foreign student association, with its CIA support, provides a convenient vehicle for entrapping the foreign student and turning him into a puppet. The price America pays for such cleverness, however, is a high one. We are becoming a nation of puppeteers.

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3] How the CIA makes liars out of union leaders:

by Paul Jacobs

GEORGE MEANY, PRESIDENT of the AFL-CIO, is either a liar or a fool. He is a liar if his disclaimer of knowledge about the CIA subsidizing American unions is false; he is a fool if his disclaimer is true, for then he is revealed as ignorant of what has been common corridor talk for a long time.

In fact, the secret relationship between the CIA and American union leaders is only one aspect of a larger problem; the American government has contracted out both its open and secret foreign relations with workers and trade unions in other countries to President Meany and his secretary of state, Jay Lovestone. Under the direction of Lovestone, an unprincipled political manipulator who headed the American Communist Party until he was deposed in 1929, the AFL-CIO has pursued a policy of fanatical, sometimes even demented anti-communism which occasionally has been in direct opposition to the stated foreign policy of the U.S. government. And under the direction of Lovestone's long-time followers, Irving Brown and Serafino Romualdi, the legitimate functions of America's unions have been corrupted and perverted.

In all of these operations the CIA, with its unlimited fronts and staff, has played a major role in recent years. CIA agents have been placed in unions and CIA funds have financed a major part of their overseas operations. In addition, the activities of some organizations peripheral to the trade unions have also been financed, in part or whole, by the CIA and used as a cover for CIA agents. Thus, a man ostensibly on the payroll of an American union, but who is listed in its report as either an "office employee" or without any identification, made three trips in 1963 to British Guiana for the purpose, according to a secret British police report, of helping to finance the overthrow of the Cheddi Jagan government.

Also, every month for many years, checks from CIA conduit agencies were made out to D.A.Knight, president of the Oil Workers International Union, who in turn endorsed the checks over to the International Federation of Petroleum and Chemical Workers, to finance its ten offices in all parts of the world. Many American unions established such international operations after World War II; they served to bring together workers of common industries but different countries. And in order to cover up the true sources of its funds, Americans who controlled the IFPCW had to lie to the foreign unions affiliated to it. Foreign unions were told that the budget of the organization, which was over $350,000 a year, was mostly based on the contributions and per capita taxes of the parent Oil Workers Union—although the American union did not report such contributions to its own members. To make certain that no one discovered the CIA contributions, the financial report of the Federation was audited and pronounced accurate by Samuel Butler, an accountant who himself headed The League for International Social and Cooperative Development, which was one of the several mysterious "foundations" which helped finance

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the operation of the IFPCW.

So also did the State Dept. finance the initial operation of a school for foreign workers, sponsored by the Communication Workers of America. At this school, communication workers from all over the world received training in such trade union practices as organizing, grievance procedures and labor history. In addition, they were shown the political advantages of the American trade union model over that advocated by the communists and neutralists. The CIA supported the international program of the American Newspaper Guild and the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Workers. The CIA has been involved in the work of the American Institute for Free Labor Development, allegedly a private organization of union leaders and businessmen, operating extensively throughout Latin America. The board of directors of the AIFLD includes George Meany and J. Peter Grace, head of the Grace shipping interests, who is associated with Human Events, one of the right wing's voices in America. The close relationship between the AIFLD and the American government is attested to by the fact that, on occasion, the organization has used State Department diplomatic pouches to communicate with its own personnel in the field.

The executive director of the AIFLD was Lovestone's follower, Serafino Romualdi, who also served on the board of directors of a mysterious organization, the Center for Labor and Social Studies, with ostensible headquarters in Rome. The Center carries on extensive operations throughout Africa, Asia and the Far East, although at least two of its European board members do not know exactly what it does. The Center was organized by Sol Levitas, then editor of the New Leader, who claimed it was supported by private funds. The Americans on its board of directors, in addition to Romualdi, are Ben Josephson, who refused to discuss the Center's finances, and who is the director of the Tamiment Institute, part of the old social-democratic movement in New York; and David Dubinsky, who gave Lovestone his first real base in the American unions.

Indeed, without the help of Dubinsky, Lovestone would never have achieved the key position he now holds, where vast resources, political and financial, are available to him and his followers.

TODAY, LOVESTONE, WITH THE HELP of such government agencies as the CIA, is eminently more successful in his pursuit of power than he was as a leader of the American Communist Party during the '20s. Lovestone was expelled from the party in 1929, although he tried desperately to remain inside it. After his expulsion, he organized his own communist group and continued to seek readmittance to the official communist organization. During this period, he was busily engaged in setting up dual unions to compete with those in the AFL, including one in the needle trades, and later in attempting to take over the United Automobile Workers.

He almost succeeded in that enterprise, for he exerted considerable influence over the union's president, Homer M. Martin—especially since Martin's assistant was Irving Brown. And, during that period, Lovestone's followers flocked to Detroit to get on the UAW payroll, where they remained until Martin was dumped from the union presidency.

Finally, in 1939, Lovestone gave up his efforts to get back into the Communist Party and shifted his allegiance to Dubinsky and the U.S. government.

But if Lovestone failed to take over the UAW, he has more than made up for it by the way in which he has slowly, over the years, taken control of foreign policy in the AFL-CIO. That takeover effort began when Lovestone, operating under the aegis of Dubinsky's union (the International Ladies Garment Worker's Union) organized the Free Trade Union Committee, whose initial work was the rescuing of European unionists and socialists from Nazi prison camps.

As World War II came to a close and the communists replaced the Nazis as the American enemy, the focus of Lovestone's efforts shifted too. His Free Trade Union Committee began to rescue trade unionists and socialists from communist prison camps. Under Lovestone's direction, and with the active support of Dubinsky, the Free Trade Union Committee began to play a very active part in the Cold War, staking out for its battlefield the struggle against the communist-controlled unions, or those non-communist unions which did not accept the manipulations of Lovestone and Brown.

Initially, Lovestone acted only as the ILGWU's secretary of state, but shortly after the Cold War replaced World War II, he moved up from the narrow confines of the ILGWU to take over the direction of foreign policy for the AFL and later for the AFL-CIO. He succeeded in organizing the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions as a rival to the World Federation of Trade Unions, organized during World War II to include communist unions.

Vested by George Meany with almost complete authority, Lovestone played a dominant role in a world-wide operation which has used the financial resources of the U.S. government. But because anti-communism was the only glue holding this structure together, the AFL-CIO is in the position of having its foreign relations director and members of his staff linked with some of the most

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right wing organizations in the United States. Dubinsky, the one-time socialist who became a New Dealer, now seems to accept without a public demurrer the spectacle of Lovestone serving on the board of directors of the American Security Council, a super-patriotic group with strong right wing ties.

Irving Brown, Lovestone's lieutenant in the UAW, became the AFL representative in Europe where he traveled with what seemed to be unlimited funds at his disposal—funds which enabled him to put his people into office or depose those European union leaders who were either pro-communist, or at least not vehemently anti-communist enough to satisfy the political demands of Brown and Lovestone. Brown's chief activities were breaking up a strike of French dock workers directed against Marshall Plan shipments and the splitting of the French and Italian labor movements in efforts to prevent the communists from taking over. Brown always had direct access to U.S. officials in Europe, especially to those officials of the Marshall Plan who, like himself, were former members of Lovestone's 1930's revolutionary organization. They too, like Lovestone, had moved from revolutionary socialism to the service of American foreign policy. Some of them remained in government service as labor attaches, always serving the man who got them their jobs.

It was during this period, too, that Brown advocated the rehabilitation of all French trade unionists who had supported the Vichy government, because, according to Brown, some of them were later blacklisted at communist instigation. At the same time, Brown proposed that any communist trade unionists who had supported the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 themselves be blacklisted. He called for outlawing the communist trade unions in a speech in 1951 in which he also advocated using repressive police measures and adopting methods of operation "in the shadows" against the communists. His audience at the American Club in Brussels was a group of American businessmen, journalists and foreign service people.

In the early 50's the AFL, and later the AFL-CIO, was being prepared for its use by the CIA, and anti-communism was still the basic criterion by which union leaders were being judged at home and abroad. The CIO had expelled its own communist dominated unions and it thus seemed perfectly natural for the CIO Oil Workers to become engaged, with CIA help, in learning "how to operate in the shadows." It began to create an anti-communist union structure which would bring together petroleum workers from all over the world. The union's president, D. A. Knight, had himself been in a few fights with the communists, who were trying to take control of his union. Knight had served as chairman of the CIO committee which tried and expelled the longshoremen's union. But Knight's relatively small union was not able to finance an international operation on its own. So from the start the CIA provided the funds which paid the salaries and expenses of the IFPCW's American staff, which worked out of the Federation's headquarters in Denver.

The Federation flourished under the prodding of Knight and the direction of Lloyd Haskins (executive secretary), and carried out open trade union activities in other countries. It helped foreign oil workers organize, published a monthly newspaper, convened leadership training conferences, and opened more and more offices throughout the world. All of its public trade union activities were directed toward building foreign unions which would be sympathetic to American foreign policy and hostile to any alleged or real communist influence. The foreign unions which the Federation helped to create were built on the American model, even if that model had no real use in other countries, especially underdeveloped ones.

The Federation also arranged overseas junkets for American union officials and provided a kind of patronage station in its international offices abroad—without any cost to the union. Then, in 1965, an internal union conflict brought the CIA operations out from behind the closed doors of the union's office in Denver and into the corridors, lobbies and rooms in Miami where the union was holding its annual convention.

For some years prior to the convention, a few of Knight's political opponents in the union had been aware that all was not what it was said to be in the IFPCW operation, but, like most Americans, they could not conceive of CIA involvement in their union; instead, they assumed the IFPCW to be financed by the State Department. It was not until 1964 when, during hearings conducted by Congressman Wright Patman he revealed the existence of CIA conduit foundations, that they realized the IFPCW was being supported by the CIA. These men didn't like their union being secretly used as a tool of American Cold War policy. In 1965 Knight's opponents got their chance; Knight decided not to run for re-election and his opposition put up A. L. Grospiron, a member of the union's rank and file executive committee, as their candidate.

The possibility of Grospiron's election was a real threat to the CIA. Only a few months earlier a bitter election fight had taken place in the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, another union in which the CIA had a strong interest and a heavy financial investment. In the AFSCME the new president had quietly cut off the CIA operation within a few weeks after taking

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office. And so, with that history before them, the geographically dispersed staff of the Federation flew to Miami and campaigned actively on behalf of Grospiron's opponent. Many of their travel fares were probably picked up by our "secret government."

Nevertheless, Grospiron won the election—although by a very narrow margin—and, as the CIA feared, he too quietly cut off CIA ties as soon as he took office, resisting all the pressures applied to him to keep them intact.

UNFORTUNATELY, NOT MANY union presidents have been so anxious to cut their organization's CIA ties; some waited until adverse publicity revealed the relationship, and not many union leaders have considered how far they have moved along the road of participating in the subordination of the real interests of workers in other countries to American foreign policy. This is what American policy has become under the CIA and Jay Lovestone, who are not accountable to the American public.

And the real interests of *American* workers could just as easily be sacrificed, for in a world where the CIA finances union activities, the lines between unions and employers are blurred. So, too, Jay Lovestone and his lieutenants, Brown and Romualdi, have made common cause with some of the most notorious anti-union employers and strident right wing groups in America. A typical example of this relationship is Lovestone's membership on the "strategy staff" of the American Security Council, whose function is the screening of alleged subversives on behalf of business firms, most of them anti-union.

Typically, Romualdi also has been associated with such groups as the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, the All-American Conference to Combat Communism, and the Cuban Freedom Committee, but he is not alone in making such associations. Brown and George Meany also serve on the boards of some right wing groups, for they are as ardent in their anti-communism as is Lovestone. Indeed, these men are so hard-line that they refused to see some Japanese trade unionists visiting the U.S. on an official visit, sponsored by the State Department: they felt the Japanese union leaders were too far left in their thinking. It is reported that the AFL-CIO was able to prevent American unions from having displays at trade fairs in Communist block countries, and to stop a visit to the United States by a group of Algerian trade unionists because, once again, Meany and Lovestone disapproved of their political views.

In a speech George Meany made to the "Businessmen's Committee for Latin America," he said, "We believe in the capitalist system and we are members of the capitalist society. We are dedicated to the preservation of this system which rewards the worker, which is one in which management also has such a great stake. The investors of risk capital also must be rewarded. . . . We are not satisfied, no, but we are not about to trade in our system for any other."

It is no wonder, then, that the CIA saw the American unions as a perfect group to manipulate.

Surely one of the most tragic aspects of the relationship between the CIA and the unions can be found in the quality of the people involved in them. The union leaders who allowed their organizations to be used as cover were people who were once among the very best of American liberals: Arnold Zander of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Workers could be found supporting liberal causes and actively working to change the nature of American life. His role vis-a-vis the CIA tells more about the failure of American liberalism than it does about the CIA.

So, too, the acceptance by the trade union leaders of an anti-communism which no longer has any relevance to the realities of world politics and national life is a clear sign that the internal life of American unions is in drastic need of revitalization. Even more, it means that union leaders must stop treating their members as if they cannot be told about the real world. Perhaps then the members might decide to follow the same course, but they should be given the opportunity to make that decision.

Once upon a time, many years ago, I was a representative of the Oil Workers International Union. In many ways, I was a stranger in the union, an outsider, an oddball in an organization of people whose values I didn't understand and who knew nothing of mine. But the union members I met in the local hall in Long Beach, the union members I drank with in the American Legion Hall in Maricopa, the union members I walked with on the picket line in Richmond, all of them were entitled to know what was being done in their names. And this tale is how they, the people of the union, the riggers out in the field, the operators inside the refinery, the instrument man fixing the gauge on pipelines, were cheated. They thought their union was doing one thing, when in fact it was doing something else.

This is the corrupting effect of the CIA in American life. It has made union leaders into liars. It has made union members mistrust what their elected officials tell them. Indeed, if Jay Lovestone were still a top official of the Communist Party, he could not have done a more effective job of destroying the belief of American workers that their unions exist to defend their interests and not the interests of other parties.

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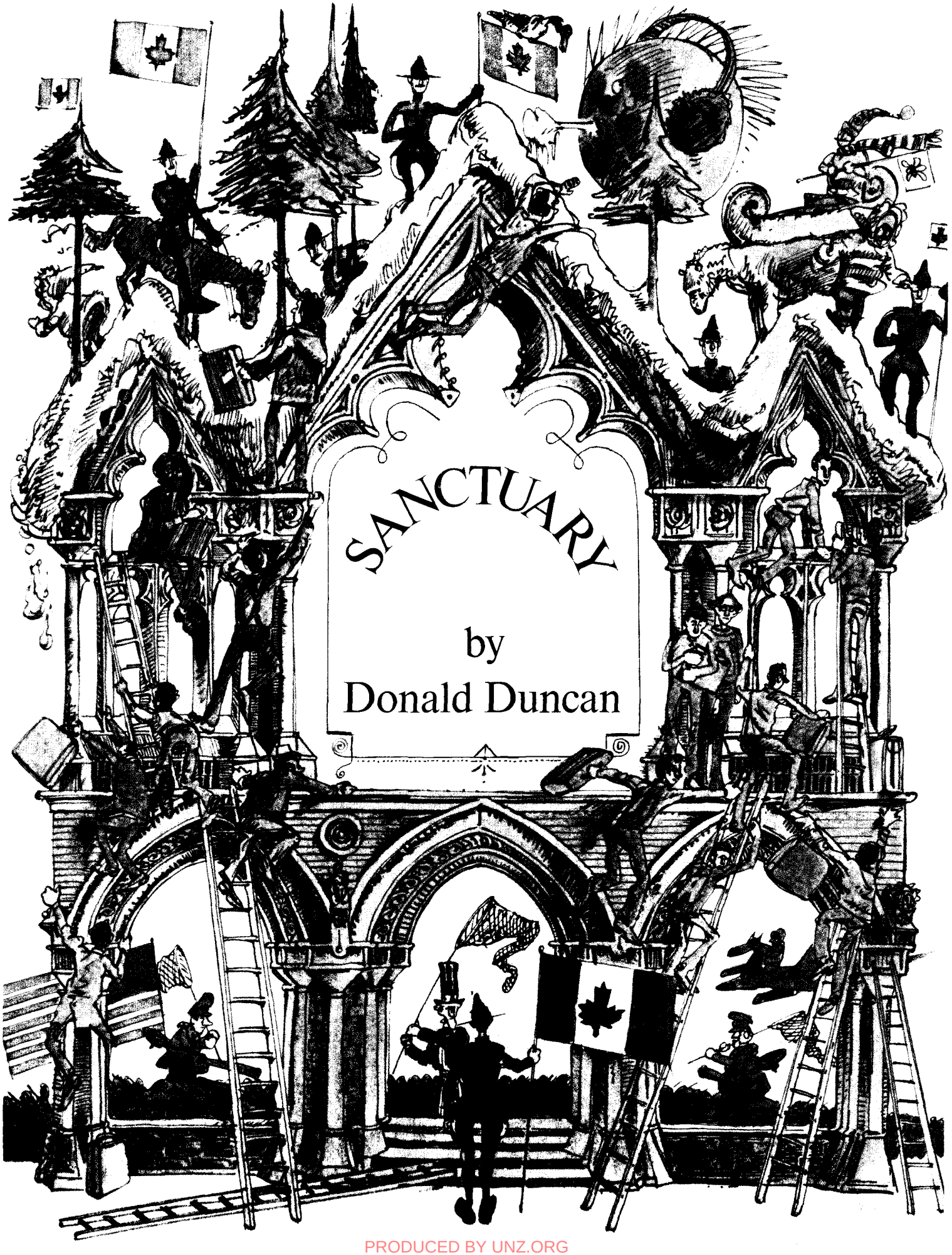

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GENERAL Hershey may rank third only to Horace Greeley and Moses as an initiator of mass migration. Not since the war of 1812 have so many citizens flocked to Canada for indefinite stays. Disillusioned with the Great Society, 17,514 people emigrated to Canada from the U.S. in 1966, an increase of 16 per cent over the previous year. Included in this number are between 2500 and 3000 young men usually referred to as "draft dodgers," and the war in Vietnam has had something to do with the departure of many of the others. Unlike the emigres of 1812, most of today's won't be coming back.

Although few really resent the appellation "draft dodger," the migrants feel that it's more applicable to those still in the States scrambling for deferments. George S. in Toronto, for instance, still has his deferment, but he "got tired of playing their game. Getting the deferment was a cinch—I failed the written tests. Being black they expected me to be dumb—why disappoint them?" George has a bachelor's degree in journalism.

Frank R. in Montreal says, "We're not draft dodgers, for the simple reason that we no longer dodge. We live and work openly, use our real names, and when we're asked we admit why we came to Canada. We are legal residents."

Of more than 160 young Americans I interviewed in Canada, few had been involved in radical politics in this country; the move was the first real political act in most of their lives. They are not setting up a "little America," and —to the disappointment of anti-war groups in the U.S.— they have no plans for banding together as revolutionaries in exile. They do not join radical or anti-war groups in Canada. Dan H. presented a common view: "We're guests here, and until we become citizens, we don't have the right. The U.S. government and businessmen do enough political interfering without our adding to it."

The young men continue to communicate with their families, the original bitterness and recriminations largely forgotten. The biggest family problem is harassment of parents by local and federal police, who use veiled threats and lies, evidently hoping to scare the parents enough to put emotional pressure on their sons to return home— and be arrested. Some parents go to visit; a few have sold the family home and business and moved to Canada to be with their sons.

One son, asked about his family, laughed. "If I hadn't done something like this, I might have been disowned. My father spent most of the war years hiding in Germany so he wouldn't be drafted by the Nazis." Another commented, "It's a family tradition. Years ago my grandfather fled Russia for the same reasons." On the other hand, one retired Air Force colonel wrote that he was abandoning his son to "stew in your own mess of self pity."

Married or single, working or still looking, only a half dozen new Canadians indicated homesickness. In spite of difficulties, they say they like it in Canada, and express no desire to return to the States. "Having visiting rights might be nice," one said, "but I wouldn't go back, even if there were no penalties." Another said, "I don't feel any stranger moving to Toronto than if I had moved to Kansas City—only freer."

A significant percentage of college dropouts will return to school in Canada. The renewed enthusiasm toward education is the more interesting, because Canadian schools have many of the same problems that students find so objectionable in America—and a few that have been overcome in the States. But for the first time, the expatriates say, they don't have to doubt their own motives for being in school, nor feel apologetic toward the I-As who couldn't afford college. They feel free to question, challenge and investigate without worrying about marks.

The young men express amazement at their reception by the Canadian people. The man on the street seems to be unconcerned or outright sympathetic; criticism is seldom heard; often the "draft dodger" is congratulated. Although job hunting presents difficulties if you are young, American and without experience, it is rare that U.S. draft status is prejudicial except in American com-

Illustration by Gene Holtan

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panies or their Canadian subsidiaries (of which there is no shortage). Around Yorkville, the neo-coffee house section of Toronto, young Canadians pretend to be American draft dodgers to gain status with the girls.

The Canadian government's position is an awkward one. The deputy minister of citizenship and immigration told me that "there is no basis in Canadian law for denying entry to someone solely because he may be seeking to avoid compulsory military service in his homeland." This means that an American cannot be extradited because he has refused to answer an induction notice, even after a bench warrant for his arrest has been issued.

Few doubt the existence of U.S. government pressure to slow the flow of traffic. In addition to American corporate capital investments in Canada, a large portion of the Canadian economy is dependent upon the sale of raw materials and war materials to the United States. This is no small lever.

But to yield to pressure, implied or otherwise, could only swell the ranks of Canadians resentful of U.S. interference in Canadian affairs (U.S. firms own or control more than 45 per cent of Canadian manufacturing, 50 per cent of the mining and smelting and 66 per cent of the petroleum and natural gas). Canada is an underpopulated country, and encourages immigrants from such diverse areas as Poland, Yugoslavia and Japan. And Canadian business is crying out for college graduates who speak English and/or French.

Recent immigrants report that, apparently, state police on the American side have been stopping cars driven toward the border by young people. Whatever the pretext the police use for stopping them, the men are asked for their draft cards. An American Berlin Wall?

[A STRANGE DEBATE]

CANADIAN CITIZENS may not castigate the draft objectors (a name they feel to be applicable), but there is no lack of static from their ex-countrymen. Some of it is predictable: superpatriots from General Hershey to the American Legion are quick to heap acrimony on the emigrants. The draft and military thinking have been with us long enough now so that many see the draft's opponents as unmanly, unpatriotic and communistic; in short, against the Great American Tradition.

It may not surprise the John Birch Society that Adlai Stevenson called for abolition of the draft, but so have such stalwarts as Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan. As for tradition, George Washington chewed his tricornered hat in frustration over the lack of recruits and the refusal of the Continental Congress to issue draft edicts. In the Civil War, $300 could legally purchase a draft deferment—a law which led to some nifty riots. New York and other states rejected the draft, and New York City never did get around to drafting anybody. Enrollment officers calling at the homes of draftees became lousy insurance risks. Many were shot on the doorstep; the good citizens of the time figured it was justifiable homicide.

During the short draft period in World War I, 5500 objectors were jailed and fined. The first draft act of World War II passed by a single vote. The first peacetime draft bill, presented in 1947, was defeated.

But criticism of the emigrants also comes from another quarter: the New Left anti-war groups. Those who leave for Canada are widely accused of taking the easy way out.

Benson Brown of Vancouver, B.C.—one of a group of Canadians who organized to help draft objector immigrants and who maintain Post Office Box 4231 in Vancouver for that purpose—commented, "When a man comes up here, he gives up his family, friends and familiar surroundings, with the knowledge he may never be able to return. In exchange, he faces an unpredictable future in strange surroundings, and of much longer duration than two years in service. Seasonal work and unionization make employment difficult for most, and the jobs for which they are qualified will pay less than comparable employment in the U.S. Without money there is no school." Brown snorts at the "easy way out" argument.

Will E., 25, majored in biology and was a pre-med student, but felt guilty in school. He joined the Peace Corps but was reclassified I-A just before he was to leave for India. He now supports himself and his wife as a construction laborer at $1.50 per hour.

The rest of the argument between the protest and the migrants goes like this:

"They should stay and protest and fight the system—try to change things."

"Who are they kidding? To fight you must have a program—they don't. They're so busy protesting they don't have time to think one up."

"If 20,000 protested, it would have an effect."

"If 20,000 rejected jail as a price for staying in the United States, and came to Canada, that also would have an effect. If the protestors get enough publicity, our government might change—from Democratic to Republican. The American people are martyr-proof."

The migrants have been accused of selfishness and an individualism that precludes their being able to relate to a community larger than self. Past lack of participation, insistence that "the government should exist for the people and not the other way around," and other characteristics might prove the critics right. But if the charges are correct, many of the expatriates are acting very strangely for selfish, irresponsible people.

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Many are talking of co-op farming. Richard Paterak heads up an office at 658 Spadina Street in Toronto intended to aid newcomers and to distribute information to potential immigrants from America; Jon Callender has an office reachable at Box 231, Westmount Station, in Montreal which serves the same purpose. Callender and other objectors are raising money to establish the Three Stories Art Center, which, with other community projects, will provide money, jobs and training so that objectors will not become a burden on their Canadian hosts.

Whatever else the migrants are or are called (only a few claim to be pacifists), they are individualists—mobile and free. Similar persons opened up the American West; General Hershey may provide the motivation for opening up the Canadian North.

[A DRAFT DODGER? WHO? ME?]

NO OTHER INSTITUTION outside marriage has influenced our society the way the draft has. Were it to end today, its effects would be with us for at least two generations. In addition to forcing some to "turn on and drop out," it has perverted the purpose and the intellectual freedom of schools, and made military definitions of reality acceptable to society. Through the draft, the military has gained a subtle kind of control over the country, something it could never have achieved otherwise.

The thrust of the draft is more important than the number of men it actually sucks in each year. During the last fiscal year, 500,000 volunteered for service, 157,000 more than were drafted. Most of the volunteers signed up to avoid being drafted. Others, to avoid combat status, respond to the Army's "Choice not Chance" recruiting program or join the ROTC while in school. Students on 247 campuses submit to wearing Army uniforms, allowing schools to become military training camps.

To provide continual updating of the war machine, those working in "occupations essential to the national security" are granted II-A deferments. General Hershey boasts that "the policy of deferring students as far as possible had much to do with influencing many of them to enter school, to pursue studies diligently and to practice the skills they acquired." He cites the fact that the number of engineers has almost doubled in ten years, and similar figures in other fields of study, as having been accomplished "by providing students an additional inducement of prospective deferment."

Strange words for a man that vilifies draft dodgers. Hershey also cutely suggests another way to beat the draft: "Join the Navy, the Marines, the Air Force, the Coast Guard." You can also pull a "Pat Nugent": spend six months on active duty and then attend weekly reserve meetings. And of course there are your local police, the FBI and the CIA (FBI agents sometimes jokingly call each other "draft dodger," a fact not without its touch of irony).

The draft threat prevents students from dropping out of school for a semester to relate assembly line education with the "real world," and those who must work their way through school are snapped up as I-A the minute they are forced to drop out to earn money.

Last year, 300,000 gained deferments by subjecting themselves to the insulting questions of local draft board psychiatrists: "Have you ever felt like killing or doing violence to someone?" "What would you do if someone broke into your home and raped your pregnant wife (mother) (sister) causing the death of the baby?" The first question, incidentally, is a trap.

Other young men study and practice various psychoses and present themselves to the examiners complete with "nut papers." Pressure is put on family doctors to write letters testifying to chronic ailments. Others unabashedly claim homosexuality (and act out the role at physical time; those that can't bring themselves to masturbate in public are advised to wear lace panties and kiss the Army psychiatrist).

Artificially inducing high or low blood pressure, or smoking ink-impregnated cigarettes (to show lung spotting) are widespread measures. Getting on the attorney general's list, showing up for induction while on LSD or taking a felony rap are other gambits. A few have deliberately contracted a venereal disease. The scenes at Induction Examination Centers are beginning to approach the Greatest Show on Earth.

[WHO NEEDS IT?]

CONCEDING FOR THE MOMENT that a large standing army is desirable or necessary, why not have an all-volunteer professional military?

The military says that it is impossible to find enough volunteers to keep 3.2 million men in uniform. But we don't need 3.2 million, even aside from the fact that a smaller armed force might tempt us to substitute diplomacy for destruction.

The draft feeds and makes possible the top-heavy military bureaucracy. Two years after the 1948 Draft Act was passed, the Defense Department, inflated to five million persons, could put only 200,000 troops into the field in Korea; the reserves and the National Guard had to be called.

Lobbying, political indoctrination and propaganda programs could be cut out of the military, as could their public information services. The abolition of Selective Service, in addition to reducing the number of personnel needed, would save money: its budget has reached as high

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as $65 million. Many jobs in the military can be handled more efficiently by civilians—the Seabees have proved this point. The Defense Department admits that 75,000 men in uniform could be replaced by civilians; if they admit to that many, the figure can probably be multiplied by four or five.

We could also stop the expensive habit of allowing the military to subsidize pro-military war-is-hell-but-fun commercial movies. And a professional army would eliminate the cost of outfitting 600,000 new soldiers every year and permit the reassignment of the personnel who now train them. All of this would reduce not only the number of personnel needed, but—by many millions—the amount of money spent, so that wages could come up to the levels necessary to attract volunteers.

John R. Blanchford, chief counsel of the House Committee on the Armed Services, defends the draft on the basis that it insures a constant civilian influence on the military. But those at the top are professional. The idea of drafted individuals influencing the entrenched, highly organized military leaders to any degree makes no sense. On the contrary, the influence flows the other way.

The military isn't going to give up the draft, nor its deferment system, without a fight. There are those in the military with a professional's contempt for civilians who would prefer an all-professional corps, but cooler heads prevail. The draft supports the bureaucracy, and enables the Pentagon to perpetuate the illusion of a democratic army while in fact maintaining a professional one.

[THE GREAT NON-DEBATE]

WITH THE COMING OF SPRING, Americans have become accustomed to performing certain rites that would be noticed only in their omission. Dad gets out his fishing tackle and checks the boat trailer. Mom cleans out the closets. Swimming pools are put back into shape and storm windows replaced by screens. Police check their riot equipment as warmer weather forces ghetto residents into the streets. Students start cramming for finals. Grown men in anachronistic plus-fours beat balls around a square called a diamond.

But over the past 20 years, we have developed a new national spectator sport for spring. It is played in Congress by a relative handful of old men, while over 32 million young men anxiously, and helplessly, watch and await the outcome. The game is called Debate on the Draft, and the young men are those registered for what is called, with stunning rightness, Selective Service. The most avid spectators are the ten million between the ages of 18 and 26, joined by the 1.8 million that will turn 18 this year.

A few of the players will advocate abolition of the draft, a few will call for a lottery system, and one or two will suggest service for *all* young people once they leave school. They won't be taken too seriously. This is not 1947, when the system was debated and defeated; by now it has been with us so long nobody seriously questions the need for its continuance.

Since it could not be implemented until 1969, the President's new lottery proposal is in fact a means to guarantee a two-year extension of the present system. Significantly, his proposal *calls* for extension of the present law, any changes to be made by executive order.

The debate will center on two studies: a twice-revised Pentagon study, and one by a panel appointed by L. Mendel Rivers' House Armed Services Committee (three of the civilians on the panel were former West Point football coach Earl Blaik; Vice Admiral Maurice Sheehy, Ret.; and Gen. Mark Clark, Ret.). Both studies call for modification of the present system, but essentially both endorse it. One argument, by the way, is that the deferment system allows the military to weed out disturbing elements before they get into the service.

The two most significant likely changes are a draft of men between the ages of 18 and 20 and of those previously rejected for lack of education (they'll be educated in the service). The first has the advantage of hitting non-voters, and the second of being able to enlarge the manpower pool without stepping on the toes of middle-class suburbia. In both cases the Army gets those least able to evaluate, and protect themselves from, militaristic indoctrination.

The Army is well aware of the advantages of in-service education. The $50,000 cost for each 2nd Lieutenant graduating from West Point is considered a bargain. Some of the products of the Class of '66 illustrate why:

> Cadet Lieutenant Philip D. Riley of Dedham, Mass., saw the Vietnam war as providing career Army officers "with a chance to keep up with the changing methods of warfare. . . . As an Army officer trained to fight, I feel we need this conflict in order to learn what we may face later " (San Francisco Chronicle, June 8, 1966).

And so most of the non-draftable debaters will content themselves with the argument over irrelevant modifications, and probably all will piously proclaim, in the best liberal tradition, their "regret that world conditions make the continuance a necessity in order to enable us to bring peace and security to the world."

For the young men of our country, the military monkey will still be on their backs. For them, the great debate will be like watching a TV instant replay: the outcome is known but everybody gets another chance to see how it's done.

And a few more of them will leave for Canada.

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America The Raped

[I: WHO NEEDS A SWAMP?]

FIFTY years ago, more or less, Americans rose up in anger against the rape of their country.

The fight of a few dozen men, led by giants—Roosevelt, Pinchot, Muir, Powell—was against the uncaring lumbermen who despoiled hill and valley and left eroding soil and sick rivers in their wake; against the unthinking farmers and stockmen who replaced precious and fertile grasslands with thorn scrubs and dust bowls; against the stupid hunters who wiped out a hundred species and endangered a hundred more.

Left when the battle had ended were the national and state parks and forests, a mushy purr-word—"conservation"—and a vague conviction that except for a few renegade lumber companies and mining firms, the rapine had ended. In fact, it has hardly begun.

by Gene Marine

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The old rapists—the lumbermen and miners and utilities companies—are still with us, though today they substitute seduction for rape wherever possible. The Georgia-Pacific Company still strips virgin Douglas fir from California's northern coast, but today it also contributes a few thousand dollars to a study of the habits and habitats of the American eagle.

Fortunately for the rest of us, a dozen groups have arisen to keep the old rapists in check. But while they try, the new rapists are loose upon the land; theirs, still, are the vicious, violent techniques of the *laissez-faire* turn of the century. They are not, for the most part, employed by lumber companies or mining companies—but by you and me. They work for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, or for the state highway commissions; the U.S. Forest Service or the National Park Service; the Army's Corps of Engineers, the Bureau of Reclamation or the Bureau of Public Roads.

They are called Engineers.

They build bridges and dams and highways and causeways and flood control projects. They *manage* things. They commit rape with bulldozers.

They are hard to fight off, because they must be fought with words, and the weapons are inadequate. In New Jersey, there is a fantastic land of wonders, still substantially as it was when the glaciers retreated thousands of years ago. It is called the Great Swamp. The Engineers want to put a jetport on it—an absurd and irreversible crime. But—who needs a "swamp"?

The salt marshes of the Georgia coast have become an outstanding laboratory for the study of the interactions of life; there, the University of Georgia has learned much of how shrimp and other seafood depend on the unusual estuarine conditions for their life. Yet Dr. Eugene Odum, the leading researcher in the field, reports that "we are often asked, 'Of what value is the salt marsh?' or 'What can be done with all that wasted land?' "

The Engineers know: build a dam, build a levee, build a wall, dredge, fill, *change*. The marsh grass will die, the phytoplankton will die, the algae will die—and thus the shrimp and the bass will die, but the Engineers don't care. What good is a salt marsh? Who needs a swamp?

The "conservationists" can lose an isolated battle over a grove of trees or a factory on a river. We will survive, and so will trees and rivers. But the Engineers are not only straining to dam the Grand Canyon and the last wild stretch of the Missouri, to wall off the rich estuaries of Long Island and fill in the Great Swamp. They are in every section of every state, ripping, tearing, building, changing.

Theirs is a rapine from which America can never, never recover.

[II: THE BUG OF BERMUDA]

In 1944, a retired American industrialist, who owned a handsome home in Paget Parish, Bermuda, decided that the place would look nicer with a few decorative shrubs around the house.

He looked around, but he didn't see anything he liked. The landscape was dominated then—as it had been 332 years earlier when the first British colonists arrived—by groves of Bermuda cedars, many of them as high as 50 feet tall. Their reddish-brown, knotty wood was a Bermuda staple, not only as firewood and lumber but as a raw material for souvenirs, as coffin material, and—in cross-section, so tough were its fibers—as flagstones. Most important to the island, rows of these tall, aromatic evergreens gave Bermuda its tropical flavor, served as windbreaks for crops, and were anchors for the soil to keep it from being washed into the ever-precious rain water supply on which the island colony depends.

There were two million Bermuda cedars.

They're too big for decorative shrubs, however, and the prosperous American decided to import a few shrubs from a mainland nursery. They were carefully inspected at both ends, but inspectors overlooked at least one pregnant *Carulaspis visci*—a scale insect which reproduces (without need for mates) throughout most of the year. Distributed by wind, it attaches itself to a plant, drills into a twig, grows a protective "scale," and repeats the process.

One year after the American imported his shrubs, the Bermuda legislature appropriated £14,000 to exterminate the insects before the insects exterminated the Bermuda cedar. The powerful insecticides that might have reached the *Carulaspis visci* under their protective scales couldn't be used, lest they get into the water (on the mainland at about the same time, we were happily pouring DDT all over everything). Imported ladybird beetles, which control the scale insect in Ontario, weren't successful—there are beetle-eating lizards in Bermuda which don't exist in Ontario.

Four years later—five years after the prosperous American decided to decorate his grounds—the Bermuda legislature gave up. The appropriations now are for removing dead cedars to where you can't see them from the road. There are no windbreaks left to protect the banana plants, whose leaves are shredded and dried by wind; Bermuda now imports bananas.

Ecology is the study of how things fit together, or, if you prefer, the study of the interactions between life forms and their environment. We know very damned little about it, but Engineers know—or act as if they know—absolutely nothing.

Most of us have had to learn a little ecology in the past

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few years, in order to deal with the political problems of radioactive fallout and air and water pollution. Some of us learned about the concentration of strontium-90. Others of us learned that a harmless scattering of DDT (0.02 parts per million) in the water of Clear Lake, California, was concentrated by plankton (to 5 parts per million), concentrated again by fish (to several hundred parts per million), and ultimately killed the grebes that ate the fish In the tissues of the birds, DDT concentration was 1600 parts per million.

The government builds dams and highways, levees and reactors, and every one rips into an ecological system far more complex than anyone yet understands. "No one," says Dr. Odum, who is one of the world's leading ecologists, "has yet identified and catalogued all the species of plants, animals and microbes to be found in any large area, as for example, a square mile of forest." But science in government is dominated by the Engineers, and the government is doing almost no work in ecology, giving almost no grants, encouraging almost no one. Instead, as could be expected of Engineers, they spend millions studying things that somebody wants to manage.

When most people think of ecology—if they've ever heard of it at all—they tend to think of food chains: minnows eat mosquitos, bream eat minnows, bass eat bream. Odum calls it the grass-rabbit-fox chain.

But there is far more to ecology than food chains and gross changes in the environment. The ignorant use of DDT and its widespread effects (it has been found in the fat of Antarctic penguins) is something most people know about; but Dr. LaMont Cole of Cornell, among others, has pointed out what we *might* have done.

Proteins—the "building blocks" of everything alive, including you and me—are nitrogen compounds. But nitrogen is a scarce element—90 per cent of all the nitrogen there is can be found in the air, and plants can't use it directly. They depend on certain bacteria, and on blue-green algae, to convert the nitrogen to ammonia, which they can use. On top of that, there are a couple of other kinds of bacteria which change the ammonia into nitrate, which is the way most plants actually do use it. You and I get our nitrogen mostly from the plants. Even then, it would all disappear except for still other bacteria, which recover the nitrogen from dead plants and animals and turn it back into ammonia. Finally, all the nitrogen in the world would have turned into ammonia a long time ago, except for still other types of bacteria which can regenerate molecular nitrogen from nitrate.

DDT kills bacteria, and nobody has ever known exactly *what* bacteria. If DDT had proven to be toxic to any of the types of bacteria mentioned above, man—in his unthinking attempt to kill a few plant pests—would have wiped himself off the face of the earth.

This is not the kind of thinking that concerns the Engineers. They not only do not care whether they push a freeway through a wildlife refuge, nor whether they flood the Grand Canyon with a dam, they don't care whether they wipe out our only chance to understand the ecology of vast regions of the earth, and thus, perhaps, keep from killing ourselves. It is the Engineers who pollute our air and our water—and they may yet do worse than that. They may drown most of us.

What with industrialization and its attendant burning of carboniferous fuels, we have managed since 1900 to raise the amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere by at least ten, and possibly 15, per cent. Normally, of course, there is always carbon dioxide released; we breathe it out; but the overall ecosystem can handle that and break it down, even allowing for the population growth. Burning all that coal and wood and fuel oil is releasing it faster than the atmosphere can handle it. Dr. Thomas Malone dispassionately told a Congressional committee last year that the effect of this additional carbon dioxide:

> has been to increase the temperature in the lower atmosphere—that is, the troposphere—by about 0.2 degrees C and to decrease the temperature in the upper atmosphere—that is, the stratosphere—by about 2 degrees C.
>
> . . . The implication of this situation is related to the volume of water contained in the masses of ice in the polar regions. If the earth is warmed, the ice melts and the sea level would be raised so high that, were it to happen, we would probably have to swim home from this building this morning.

The buildup of CO_2, to put it simply, lets the sun's heat in, but it doesn't let the heat back out again when the earth radiates it. It's called, cutely enough, the "greenhouse effect." Sunday supplement stuff, of course—except that Dr. Malone added that the danger "is something we must resolve in a matter of decades. The situation could become serious by the end of the century." That's 33 years from now.

Possibly the best and most dramatic example of the failure of the Engineers to understand what they're doing is demonstrated by our attempt to create a completely artificial, if temporary, ecosystem: the space capsule.

The Russian manned satellite contains air—plain, simple old air, like the stuff you and I used to breathe before we moved to the city. When we Americans set out to build a capsule, however, we found out that it leaked—and in order to keep it from leaking, we would have had to make the capsule much heavier.

Leave it to us, said the Engineers. We'll make the ecosystem just that much more artificial, but we'll solve the

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problem. Pure oxygen can be used, at only one-fifth the pressure of air; you won't have to plug the leaks so tight, you can use rockets with less thrust; it'll all work out fine. And indeed it did—until the first astronauts for the first time confronted the fact that you can have a spark, or even light a match, in air—but not in oxygen. The Engineers improved on nature and killed three men.

Usually, of course, the dangers of ecological destruction are less dramatic. For instance, we've been extremely successful in developing and growing hybrid corn. As a result, we've almost lost hundreds of corn varieties that fell by the wayside—thereby making it impossible to experiment with new hybrids, discover possible new disease-resistant strains, or make any other use of the genetic information stored in these varieties.

This is one of the most difficult concepts of conservation to communicate—and the one least understood by conservation groups. From wanting to save the redwoods because they're pretty, some organizations have progressed to wanting to save a particular group of redwoods because of its ecological value.

But few people have yet reached the idea of the conservation of genetic information—the idea that we ought to keep every species of animal or plant alive, and in its own ecosystem, because we have no way of knowing what characteristics of what animal, plant or microbe may someday prove to be in some way valuable. The variety of corn that is not grown today, because it isn't economical in competition with today's hybrids, may be the variety which will prove, tomorrow, to be resistant to an as yet unforeseen disease. A byproduct of the whooping crane may be tomorrow's wonder drug. The ecology of the Long Island estuary may provide the clue that enables us to project a more viable ecosystem for a space station.

Linocuts by Henry Evans

Everything fits together. Everything. And nobody seems to care, least of all the rampaging, rapist Engineers.

[III: ALLIGATORS AND AEROJET]

I HAVE A FRIGHTENING map of central and southern Florida. Published by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, it shows in glorious red and green the existing and proposed network of canals, levees, dams, pumping stations and control centers with which the Corps is transforming all of the bottom of the state. To anyone who has even heard the word "ecology," the map is a horror. It is a bland and terrifying symbol of the triumph of the Engineers and the rape of America.

The key to the existence of southern Florida—not its Miami Beach economic existence, but its ecological existence—is the flow of water. From the central part of the state, water flows into Lake Okeechobee. From there it does not so much flow as seep southward and southwestward, across vast acres of sawgrass dotted with higher areas (or "hammocks") that bear shrubs and trees. On these hammocks for centuries lived the Seminoles, feeding off the 150-odd species of fish, the dozens of species of birds, living in harmony with deer and alligator, moccasin and panther. Finally, the water flows into Florida Bay, mixing with the salt water of the ocean to form one of the richest estuarine areas in the world.

"This tremendous productivity," explains Roger Allin, superintendent of Everglades National Park, "is in part dependent upon gradual salinity gradients from fresh to sea water across a broad estuarine belt. The major aquatic species to a degree are abundant because they have free access to whatever proportions of the salt gradient they need at different times in their life cycle."

The productivity of a fluctuating water system is, or should be, well known to anyone who has ever seen a rice paddy—the richest and most productive artificial agricultural ecosystem man has ever created. But the Engineers have decided to divert all the overflow from Lake Okeechobee into "drainage control canals" directly to the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, leaving the

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park to get most of its water from local rain. You don't have to be an expert to know that's going to louse up the whole Everglades bit. Actually, the Corps of Engineers is charged by Congress with the responsibility for providing water to the park—but that works out better on paper than in fact. In fact, the water it "controls" from Okeechobee south is stored under the administration of something called the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District, which was set up in 1949, two years after the national park was established.

"The way it has worked out," says Miami newspaperman John Pennekamp, "is that five unpaid men, who meet once a month, exercise enormous power on a project about which they cannot have the knowledge that comes with day by day application." One of the five men manages his own investments at Kissimmee, one is a real estate operator at Melbourne, one is an agriculturist at South Bay (part of the Corps operation involves completely draining the area just south of the lake to open it up for agricultural development, and to hell with the water flow), one is an insurance man in Coral Gables, and the fifth sells Chevrolets at Fort Pierce.

The results of all this water management are dramatic.

In May 1961 (the park counts its alligators in May), along the Shark Valley loop road and in that area, park officials counted 375 adult alligators and 75 young. Every year since, the numbers have declined, until in May 1966, in the same area, they counted only 24 adults—and no young. There are similar effects on a number of other animals and birds.

The park, then, is slowly dying, thanks to the Engineers. Outside the office window of Superintendent Allin, just inside the park boundary near Homestead, woody brush dominates a landscape that should be mostly sawgrass and a few hammocks. It is what happens when year after year is dry, and it will take years to restore the area to its "natural" form. In nature, of course, wildfire is the ecological restorer (serving also the function of decomposing much of the organic material for reuse), but Park Service policy is against even controlled burning.

Inconspicuous on the garish Corps of Engineers map is a short red line, running a few miles northwest from Barnes Sound and crossing U.S. Highway 1, labeled "C-111." It is a canal that already exists; when I was there it had a "plug" in it, but by the time you read this the plug will have been pulled, unless some completely unexpected intervention has taken place.

C-111 has two avowed purposes. One of them is that ubiquitous excuse for anything the Engineers want to do: flood control. The canal will take the fresh water that flows "overland" in a southwesterly direction into the park, and divert it into Barnes Sound—thus changing, when and if it works, the salinity of the sound and probably of whole sections of Florida Bay. When there isn't fresh water to divert, the salt water of the sound will come up the canal and—through overflow and seepage—change salinity in the other direction.

The second purpose of C-111 is to provide a channel for barge transportation to a plant operated by the Aerojet-General Company. C-111 is openly called "the Aerojet canal," and true or not, it is widely believed that Aerojet's tremendous political influence as a prime defense contractor bolsters the Engineers' determination to ignore the protests of the Park Service and virtually everyone else about the opening of the canal.

The water which will not flow into the park carries the nutrients which are needed by the park's vegetation and wildlife, and nobody yet knows who needs which nutrients. But even more important, according to Allin, are "the diluting effects of these waters which will be diverted to Barnes Sound. Without question, salinities in Florida Bay will be increased and circulation retarded. The eastern portion of this area could well become nothing more than

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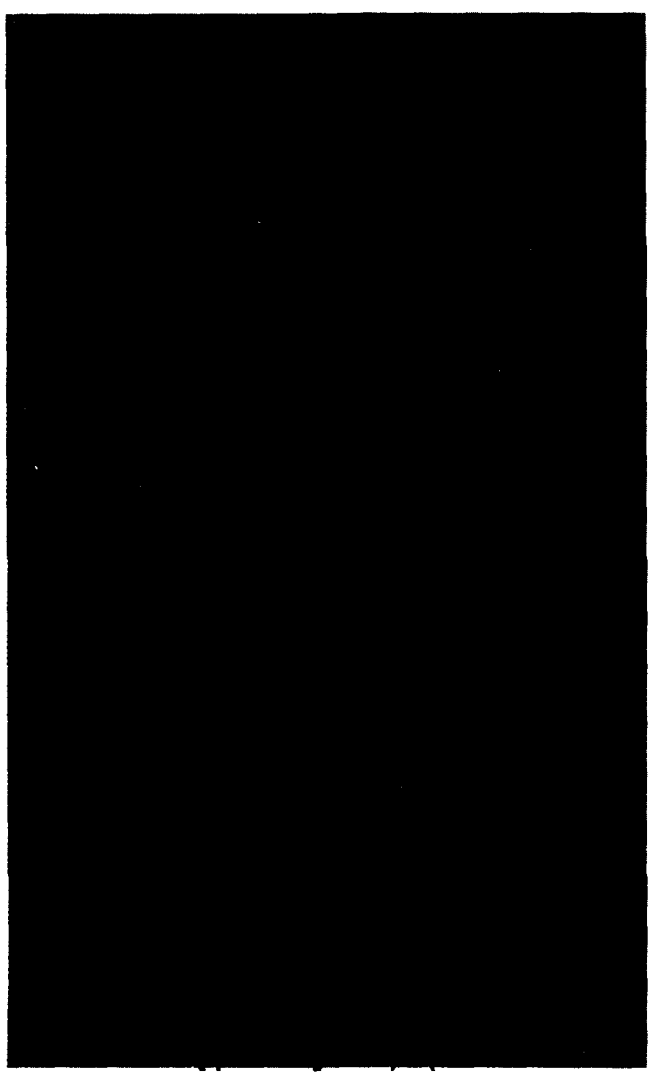
a brine basin within a few years." Scientists at the Marine Institute in Miami have already determined that changes in the salinity level in the Everglades estuary are lethal to the young and the eggs of nearly all marine species.

Within the alluded area, says Allin, are 60 per cent of the park's roseate spoonbills, 25 per cent of the great white herons, 15 per cent of the American eagles and 95 per cent of the dwindling number of crocodiles (not alligators)—among other species. All of these birds and animals are already in the "rare and endangered" classification.

Of course the Park Service has complained. The Engineers, however, have answered. We'll pull the plug, the Corps has said, "to see what damages would occur and thereby justify the Service's claim that a plug is necessary"!

The Corps of Engineers has legal authority over "the execution, operation, maintenance and control of river and harbor and flood control improvements authorized by law, and the administration of laws for the protection and preservation of navigation and navigable waters in the United States." Its permit regulations make clear what the Corps' orientation is: ". . . the decision as to whether a permit will be issued must rest primarily upon the effect of the proposed work on navigation . . ."



The law does require the Engineers of the Army to "coordinate application for permits" with the fish and wildlife people of the federal government and the affected state, but it doesn't require the Engineers to pay any attention to their recommendations, except to transmit them to the applicant. In the New York-Long Island area alone, the federal Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, from 1962 to 1965, recommended denial of 24 dredge-and-fill permits; 16 of the permits were issued anyway. During the same period the Bureau recommended that 35 other projects be approved only with restrictions intended to protect fish and wildlife; 21 of these projects were authorized by the Engineers without restrictions.

Not only in southern Florida and on Long Island, of course, do the Engineers run wild. The Corps' Gathright Dam, on the Jackson River in Virginia, will flood the state-owned Gathright Wildlife Management Area. The last natural estuary area in the Puget Sound complex, near Tacoma, is threatened by a project to dredge out the bay and construct a railroad yard.

Nor are all the Engineers in the Army. On the Little Tennessee River in Tennessee is some of the last free-flowing, unspoiled river country of the Southeast, famous for trout fishing and for scenic values; the Engineers of TVA are about to destroy it with Tellico Dam. The Duke Power Company will threaten the entire Savannah River and destroy four of its wild tributaries—the Toxaway, the Whitewater, the Horsepasture and the Thompson—with a development in South Carolina. In Alaska, the proposal to build Rampart Dam—which would involve sweeping changes in the entire ecology of central Alaska—still stirs nationwide controversy.

If it isn't a dam, it's a highway. In New Jersey—the fourth smallest state in the union—studies now project 40 additional superhighway lanes across the state in the next few years. A proposed federal parkway will destroy Vermont's famous Long Trail on the ridgetops of the Green Mountains. Another is aimed through the wilderness of the Spruce Knob-Seneca Rocks National Recreation Area in West Virginia. Still other projects will pave Franconia Notch in New Hampshire and Cumberland Gap, between Virginia and Kentucky, for interstate highways.

They are everywhere, the Engineers. And so pervasive in our nation is the Engineers' mentality that a law passed last year to establish "a coordinated, long-range national program in marine science" is called the Marine Resources and Engineering Development Act. California Democrat George Brown, Jr., during a Congressional hearing on the shortage of ecologists, put it into a single sentence: "Might I suggest that we could solve the problem . . . if

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we retitled these ecologists as biological systems engineers and let the Department of Defense finance them?"

[IV: YOU GO THROUGH SEDRO WOOLLEY]

SOME ATLASES SHOW IT as Highway 17A, but it's marked as Route 20. Rod Pegues of the Sierra Club in Seattle told me that it was the best road to take if I wanted to see unspoiled land in the Great Cascades. "If you go through Sedro Woolley," he said, "you're on the right highway."

The road escapes the shoreline civilization quickly, and winds lazily up the lovely and unspoiled Skagit River, a deep and enchanting mint green with the beginnings of spring runoff—now loafing its way through a wide valley, now hurtling whitely through a narrow gorge. On both sides of the river and road, creeks as varied as their names, and falls ranging from tiny trickles to crashing cataracts, contribute their share of the precious water to the river. The Engineers and their angry steel-and-concrete rapine seem far away.

But atop the Skagit, within Mount Baker National Forest, are the three dams of the Seattle Power and Light Company, "City Light" to Washingtonians. Each is ugly, and the river grows stunted and ugly as you approach the first of them. They have spawned an ugly town, Newhalem, with the depressing, standardized look of company towns everywhere.

This area is north of the proposed Great Cascades National Park and the wilderness area proposed as a part of it, but the land is the same, and when I got out of the car, I could only do what thousands have done before me: stare at the awesome mountains and wonder what kind of idiots we are.

I was forced to admit that the dams weren't really hurting anything. The Skagit is as beautiful today a little way below Gorge Dam as it ever was, the fish still swim, the microorganisms still thrive. And would I give up the electricity that drives the typewriter on which I write, that lights the paper I write on?

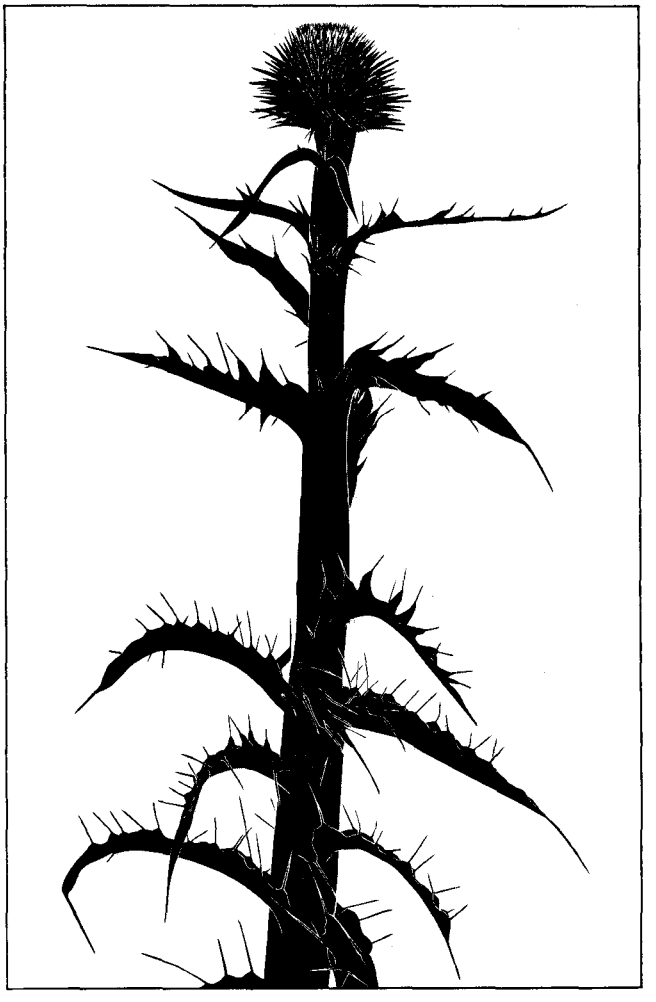
A few feet from where I stood on the bridge, the Forest Service is building a picnic area, carefully cleared in tiny patches beneath the firs. There are lavatories, and I wondered idly whether, over a period of time, their nutrients will change the land and perhaps the lake, itself artificial. The road at whose temporary end I had stopped will eventually cut its way all across the range; it was the subject of a conservationist fight, now lost, and of course it will change, as any road changes, the meaning of the land it touches. But can I believe that it will seriously damage the Great Cascades?

"They call us preservationists," Stewart Brandborg told me in Washington, D.C. "It's supposed to be kind of a dirty word. They say we're trying to 'lock up' the land. But all we think is that some of it ought to be left completely alone."

Brandborg is executive director of The Wilderness Society, which is just what it sounds like. The high point of the Society's existence was passage in 1964 of the Wilderness Act, which froze 54 areas within national forests as "wilderness areas," to remain essentially untouched by man, and provided for the possible designation of a number of other areas now within national parks or other federally owned and administered lands. Some people—lumbermen, for instance—don't like the act at all.

There isn't anything wrong with that. We can't save all our forest and ask for wood as well. Far better that the lumbermen should do their "harvesting" under the careful control of the foresters of the Department of Agriculture—who will see (as state forestry agencies usually do not) that the logging is selective, that new seeding is done, that roads are not built up the middle of streams and that they are reseeded, too, after their immediate use—than that the slopes should be logged bare and left to erode, the roads left in the streams to destroy the life there.

In his office in the Everglades National Park, Superin-



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tendent Roger Allin expressed to me his pride that "a little old lady in a wheelchair can come here and really see the Everglades." She can, too. And she should be able to, as she should be able to see the Great Swamp or the Great Smokies or the Great Cascades.

But the inheritors of Pinchot, who sought to combine conservation with access and use, still fight with the disciples of Muir, who urged the preservation of wilderness. The Sierra Club and the Wilderness Society, their opponents charge, are made up of "backpack snobs"—people with the time and the money (and the youth and the energy) to go on mule trips or afoot into the deep wilderness, and who consequently want it saved for themselves, although the great majority of American vacationers expect, and have a right to expect, more of the amenities—including the right to see the Cascades as I did, with my car in sight and its warmth to retreat to.

The critics are partly right. There was a hearing, for example, on the Park Service's proposal to include 50,000 acres of Lassen Volcanic National Park under the Wilderness Act. The Wilderness Society, urging a larger wilderness area, said in part that "the Horseshoe Lake road should be closed in order to provide a quality wilderness camping opportunity that would afford some relief from the standard, congested campgrounds." The Society argued no special wilderness value for the additional area, much less any ecological importance; only the snobbish-sounding appeal for a "quality" area away from the "standard" places where the peasants go.

There is no need for such conflict, no more than there is any need to fight every work of man—such as City Light's dams or the cross-Cascades road. A trip up Route 20 proves (or would if the power lines were underground) that we can have dams and the Skagit too; and where the ecological pattern is repeated again and again, we can spare one riverhead to the demands of convenience. It proves that we can have a road for spoiled city dwellers or people in a hurry—like me—and still have plenty of space in the Great Cascades for the backpackers.

In fact, what it demonstrates best is that we *must* have both, and in plenty. The demands on Yosemite and the Great Smokies are already too great. We can kill a national park or a national forest by choking it to death with campsites; before that happens, we must somehow assure that some of the cars, some of the little old ladies, go elsewhere this year.

On my way back from the top of the Skagit, I stopped at a tiny restaurant which is the only building in Newhalem not owned by Seattle Power and Light, and talked with the couple who operate it. Last year, I learned, the power company took 24,000 people through a tour it operates for visitors; easily twice that many, perhaps more, must have visited the area, and visited it deliberately, because the road does not yet go anywhere else.

"Is that too many people?" I asked, because the woman behind the counter obviously loved the stark and snow-clad mountains and the green and gentle river.

"No," she replied, after a moment. "But one of these years it will be."

[INTERLUDE: GOODBY, RUBY TUESDAY]

Goodby, Ruby Tuesday,
Who can hang a name on you
When you change with every new day?—
Still I'm gonna miss you.

—The Rolling Stones

Save the cable cars.

Save the Grand Canyon.

Save the Hudson, the roseate spoonbill, the Metropolitan Opera House, the Missouri, the coyote, the epiphytic algae.

What shall we save, and why?

Would anyone die for the roseate spoonbill?

Probably. And probably only because they are pretty. But we need a better reason to save things. There are

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pretty highways—as any advertisement for American automobiles or Greyhound Bus makes clear. There are pretty bridges, and pretty dams, and pretty artificial lakes (and were they endangered, I should want to save some of them). Some of the best fishing is in artificially stocked streams, and some of the best camping is in artificially managed forests.

I have before me, as I write, a stack of literature begging me, or anyone else who will listen, to save a quarter million acres of wilderness on the upper Selway River in Idaho. A vast area of land has been put into wilderness, but a corridor has been left, which is now, according to one leaflet, "threatened by logging and roads!" Nowhere in this literature is there any argument as to *why* I should save it, except simply to keep it from being logged.

But *something* has to be logged, and without roads, I, for one, will probably never see *any* of the upper Selway. I am willing to urge that the upper Selway ought to be saved, if someone points out that logging this particular corridor will endanger the watershed ecology, or make a meaningful difference to the rest of the already selected wilderness area. But none of the literature makes these points, and I have to reply that we can't save everything.

Without a sense of the ecosystem, we will not only fail to rally support for particular projects, we will fail to save some of the things that ought to be saved. The beauty of redwood stands, or of the Grand Canyon, is obvious; but there is no overwhelming conservationist support for the proposed Great Basin National Park, which would preserve an ecosystem unique in the world.

In fact, this point is almost sure to be lost even amidst the raging fight over the redwoods. There will be a Redwoods National Park, but chances are that it will be in the wrong place. The National Park Service is proposing a park in the Mill Creek area on the Smith River; the Sierra Club and others want a park on Redwood Creek, further south. The Mill Creek proposal would include about 15,000 acres and would cost about $56 million. The Sierra Club's Redwood Creek proposal would include 90,000 acres and cost $140 million. Secretary of the Interior Udall says the Redwood Creek proposal would "break the back of the conservation fund."

But conservationists rarely argue the real importance of the Redwood Creek proposal. It is the last chance to save a complete, or nearly complete, redwood ecosystem. The proposed park area embraces nearly all of the watershed of Redwood Creek, while the Mill Creek proposal takes in only a tenth of the Smith River watershed, and that tenth is at the bottom.

On Bull Creek, further south in California, there stood, until a decade or so ago, Rockefeller Forest, a state-owned stand of virgin redwoods, maintained in preservation. Between 1947 and 1954, the unprotected area above Rockefeller Forest was logged by private lumber companies; a fire followed, and in the winter of 1954-55, northern California was hit by severe storms.

The naked slopes of upper Bull Creek couldn't hold the water they had once been able to retain, and in the classic pattern of erosion, the river rose even higher, and in its turn undercut its banks to create more erosion, the circle ever widening until finally, in the Rockefeller Forest, the ground was cut from under the mighty—and "protected"—redwoods, and hundreds of them fell to the gnawing water. Logging has ceased now on upper Bull Creek—but every winter more redwoods fall.

Bull Creek is the reason why the Redwoods National Park should be on Redwood Creek and should embrace the entire 90,000 acre proposal of the Sierra Club—regardless of cost—not because the trees are taller or because there is a pretty beach. A few trees at the bottom of a river are not an ecosystem in the redwood country, and if you kill the ecosystem you're only kidding yourself about saving the trees.

We could, if we wanted to, rebuild the Metropolitan Opera House. But we can't put the redwoods back in Rockefeller Forest. That, it would seem, is the key to answering the question, "What should we save?"

We should have, we must have, national parks with campsites and lakes for boating. But we should *save* species and ecosystems.

[V: EVERYBODY SHOULD BREAK AN ANKLE]

IN A LAWSUIT in San Francisco a few years ago, an attorney was trying to recover damages for a workman who had broken his ankle on the job, and on the stand, a doctor testifying for the insurance company was vigorously insisting that no permanent damage had been done. The ankle, the doctor insisted, was as good as new. "In fact," the doctor argued, "the cartilage that has grown up at the point of fracture is actually stronger than the original bone."

The attorney turned to the jury, raised an eloquent eyebrow, and turned back to fix the doctor with a withering stare. "Tell me, doctor," he asked, "do you recommend this type of fracture to all your patients?"

All across the United States, the Engineers recommend fractures as improvements on the national ankles. In almost every case, the fracture is in the public pocketbook, either immediately or in the long run.

On a foggy January afternoon, I drove slowly up Route 9D in New York, a winding, occasionally dangerous road that follows the east bank of the Hudson. To my immediate left, railroad yards, dumps and frequent junkpiles

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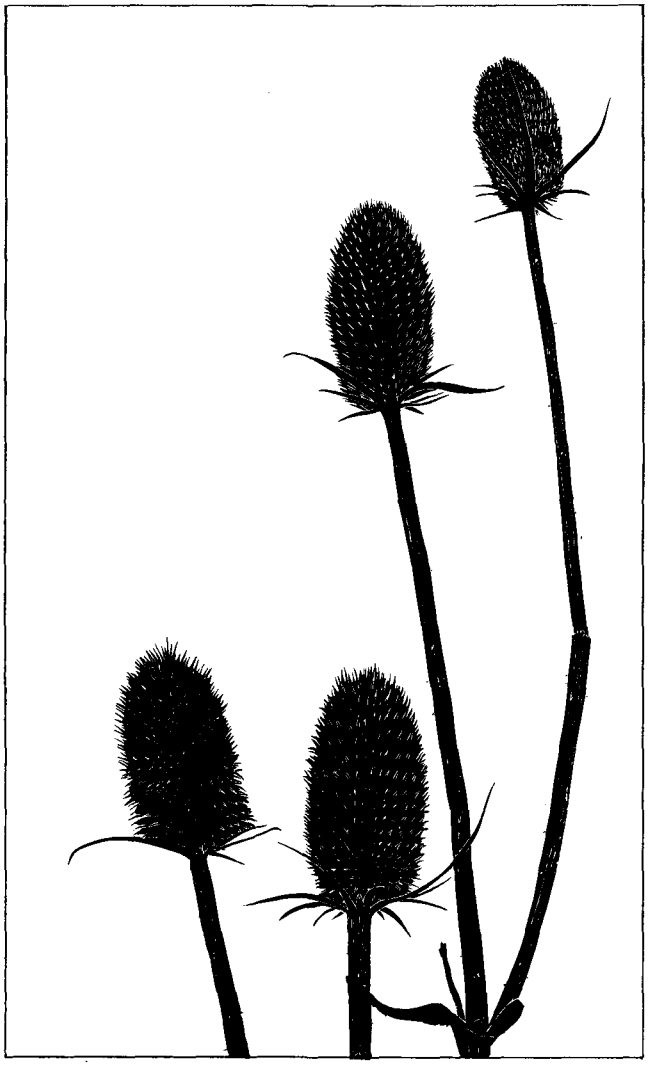
occupied the foreground; in the middle distance the brown and dirty but still impressive river went past in the other direction, occasionally as much as five miles wide; beyond, in the distance, the false fronts of the Palisades, looming and impressive even though I knew that their backs have been quarried away, looked somberly down.

Where a tunnel pokes through Breakneck Ridge, I stopped, left the car in the parking lot of the deserted Breakneck Lodge, and climbed down the bank to walk across the New York Central tracks and stand on the shore. Across the Hudson—narrow and hurrying at this point—was Storm King Mountain.

The ridge behind me was, and is, 295 higher than Storm King's 1,340 feet; but Breakneck Ridge is simply there. Storm King rises directly and abruptly from the rushing river, and in its presence, even from the other side of the river, I felt that sense of helpless puniness that men are apt to feel in the presence of nature.

The Engineers of the Consolidated Edison Company feel no such puniness. Storm King, they decided, was the ideal place for a pump storage plant.



A pump storage plant is a simple thing, though not in itself an economical one. Its function is to suck up water, and to pump it to a high reservoir. Then, at peak periods when the company needs to deliver a lot of power, the reservoir releases the water to fall back into the river, and the plant uses the falling water to generate electricity.

When conservationists protested the plans to build the plant, Con Ed promptly responded, not only that "we need the power" and that taxes and payroll would benefit the village of Cornwall (which rose magnificently to the bait), but that the care which Con Ed would give the site would actually improve its scenic values. The company also said it would build Cornwall a riverfront park—which the town welcomed, partly because a park built without state or federal funds could be restricted to local citizens, thus keeping out "undesirable" visitors from New York City. Guess what that means.

But we have heard all that before. A seacoast away, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company proposed to deface California's beautiful Bodega Head with a reactor and to call the result "PG&E's Atomic Park." Public pressure forced PG&E to surrender (temporarily) its reactor plans, and on the Hudson, Con Ed finally, and grumpily, agreed that it could bury its 800-foot-long plant, pump its water up and let it fall through a hidden tunnel, and put the necessary power lines underground instead of allowing them to march through Yorktown on steel towers.

Now the trick is to talk fast, loud and long about how it's all going to be underground—and to hope that nobody will notice the 240-acre reservoir out in the open behind Storm King, in the middle of a treasured forest that is used as a study area by Harvard's botany department and which includes trails maintained by the New York-New Jersey Trail Conference.

Con Ed would like it, too, if everybody would shut up about fish. Somebody committed the *faux pas*, in hearings before the Federal Power Commission, of pointing out that striped bass—beloved of fishermen from Long Island to South Carolina—go up the Hudson to spawn, and that something like 85 per cent of them spawn in the Storm King area. That gigantic "straw" through which Con Ed plans to suck up river water can suck up fish and larvae and eggs just as easily.

The FPC granted Con Ed the permit to build its Storm King toy, but some citizens who wouldn't quit took it all to court, and won from the United States Court of Appeals a historic decision:

> The Commission's renewed proceedings must include as a basic concern the preservation of natural beauty and of national historic shrines, keeping in mind that, in our affluent society, the cost of a project is only one of several factors to be considered.

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The broken-ankles-are-better philosphy often comes out as the philosophy of "maximum use" (or, sometimes, "multiple use"). Industrial polluters of water, as parodied by the Conservation Foundation's Russell Train, put it this way:

> A stream has a natural capacity to assimilate waste. This assimilative capacity (which depends upon the availability of free oxygen in the stream) is a natural resource. Conservation means wise multiple use of natural resources. Therefore, it is 'true conservation' to use the assimilative capacity.

Having quoted it, Train proceeds to tear it apart, but it hardly seems necessary; its sophism is self-evident. It is similar to the argument that underground transmission lines should never be used because they raise the cost of power, or that pollution abatement devices can't be installed because they raise the price of manufactured goods. "Following this approach," Train said in a different speech, "child labor would never have been abolished."

Over a hundred years ago, Henry David Thoreau gazed with sick horror on the work of Engineers on the Concord River, and wrote: "Poor shad, where is thy redress . . . who hears the fishes when they cry?" Today, approximately a hundred miles away, the Yankee atomic plant on the lower Connecticut River threatens to destroy the highly productive shad run in the river. Cooling towers will be installed only if the plant decides the fish are being hurt—which may be far too late.

[VI: THE EFFLUENT SOCIETY]

Once upon a time there was a lake.

It was a thing of magnificent beauty, left a breathtaking blue by departing glaciers. It was 30 miles wide in some places, nearly 60 in others, and more than 240 miles long. Ten thousand square miles of lake, over 200 feet deep, it lived on a still larger sister to the north, and fed a somewhat smaller sister to the east.

In 1669, a white man—Louis Joliet or Jolliet—saw the lake, and soon forts and settlements sprang up.

Today, Lake Erie is virtually dead. Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Akron, Toledo and a dozen other cities pour millions of *tons* of sewage into the lake every *day*. Some of it is fairly carefully treated; much of it (especially Detroit's) is not.

The Detroit River, which feeds Lake Erie, carries every *day*, in addition to Detroit's largely untreated sewage, 19,000 gallons of oil; 100,000 pounds of iron; 200,000 pounds of various acids; and two million pounds of chemical salts. The fertilizer used on the farms of Ohio and Pennsylvania and New York drains into streams which pour into the Erie. Paper mills in the Monroe area of Michigan pour volumes of pollutant waste into the lake. Steelmakers pour in mill scale and oil and grease and pickling solution and rinse water. The Engineers of the Army dredge the harbors and channels of the area and dump the sludge into the middle of Lake Erie.

Normally, a lake receives from various sources a certain amount of nutrient material, which is consumed by plankton or algae or bottom vegetation or bacteria. The fish eat the plankton and the algae, the bacteria mess around with the nitrogen, a couple of hundred other processes simultaneously take place, and it all works out.

So you dump a bunch of sewage or fertilizer or other biologically rich material into the water, and the algae, for instance, grow faster than the fish can eat them. Algae are life forms just like you and me, but (like you and me) in large numbers they stink. They also use up whatever free oxygen might be in the water, which makes it tough for the other life forms. Beaches become covered with algae in the form of slime, and so does the surface of the lake. The lake, in ecological terms, "dies."

Lake Erie has had it.

At first glance, the solution seems easy: Stop. It may not save the lake, but at least it can be kept from getting any worse. Simply make it illegal to put anything into the lake that can remotely be construed as a pollutant.

But there's another problem. If you don't put it into the lake, what are you going to do with it?

There are a number of sophisticated techniques for dealing with a lot of water pollution. There's sand-bed filtering. There's a method called electrodialysis (one sizable California town, some of whose citizens don't know what they're drinking, gets all of its water from the electrodialysis of "waste water," mostly irrigation runoff and sewage). There's another called reverse osmosis.

The problem is that every method leaves you with *something*. After you've separated the water out, what do you do with what you separated it out of? Bury it? An urban unit of one million people produces, believe it or not, 500,000 tons of sewage a day (that's everything in the sewer, not just the most obvious component, and much of it is industrial waste). Even after you take the water out, you'll need a pretty big cemetery. Burn it? We have enough air pollution problems as it is.

Sewage aside, that same urban unit of a million people produces, every day, another 2000 tons of solid waste that has to be disposed of. On top of that, it throws into the air, every day, 1000 tons of particles, sulfur dioxide, nitrogen oxides, hydrocarbons and carbon dioxide. In 1963, American mines, every day, discarded 90,400,000 tons of waste rock and tailings. In 1965, every day, 16,000 automobiles were scrapped (joining from 25 to 40 million already on junkpiles).

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Every year, America manufactures 48 billion cans, 26 billion bottles and jars, 65 billion metal and plastic caps, virtually all of which become, almost instantly, solid waste (and aluminum cans and Saran wrap don't degenerate easily like easy-rusting steel cans and paper). Of the eight billion pounds of plastics we produce, only ten per cent is reclaimed. Of the one and three quarters million *tons* of rubber products, only 15 per cent is reclaimed.

The pollution of the air is the form of pollution that most people know most about, but ecologists have some concern here, too. Nobody knows, for instance, what happens if you take one pollutant out of the witches' brew that city dwellers breathe; the chemical interactions are so complex that to take away the hydrocarbons and nitrous oxides that come out of auto exhausts may lead to difficulties with the remaining pollutants that no one can now predict.

While we search, perhaps not as frantically as we should, but at least with increasing concern, for someplace to put our solid, liquid and gaseous wastes, the Engineers gaily produce new ones. In the rush to find new sources of clean water, the technique that has most captured the popular imagination is the desalinization of sea water.

But when you've finished the desalinizing, what you have left is a bunch of hot brine. You can't dump it back into the ocean on the spot; you'll raise the temperature considerably and thus endanger all the offshore life. Besides, you'll just raise the salt concentration near your intake and have to take it all out again in your next batch.

The Engineers assure us that we can get rid of sulfur dioxide in the air and stop the ecological damage done by big dams on watersheds if we will only turn to nuclear power; but nuclear plants create radioactive wastes and "thermal pollution." Thermal pollution—the alteration of the ecosystem by changing the water temperature—is what's killing the shad near the Yankee atomic plant on the Connecticut River.

Even sewage, spewed out in large enough amounts, raises water temperature. "Sharks have appeared in waters off southern California," Congressman George P. Miller points out, "where they never previously appeared, and the studies made indicated that the slight rise in temperature through the disposal of sewage changed the ecology and caused the water to become suitable for the sharks. These are the things," the Congressman added in the understatement of his career, "that we don't know very much about."

Ultimately, it is reclamation and reuse that hold the only hope for escape from slow death by pollution. The reclamation and reuse of water is already possible, and can be done by some methods without the creation of too much solid waste. A method is being developed to make it far more economical to reclaim steel from junk automobiles. Sulfur can be reclaimed, albeit expensively, from the sulfur dioxide of stack gases. Electric automobiles, still a difficult conception for most of us, can be a reality whenever we're ready; it's a simple matter of cost.

Cost, and learning to know what we're doing—both when we fight pollution and when we pollute. In a Senate hearing early in 1966, Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin talked with Assistant Interior Secretary Stanley Cain (himself a noted ecologist):

SEN. NELSON: I notice that they have now filled in 200 square miles of San Francisco Bay. It was about 520 square miles and it is now down to 300-and-some square miles of water. . . .

SEC. CAIN: To my knowledge there is no general ecological study being made of the bay and the damage of this filling. I can say, however, that the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries has been engaged for a few years now on a study of Tampa Bay, where perhaps between 15 and 20 per cent of the bay has been filled behind bulkheads and, in producing the material for the fill, there has been about an equal percentage of the bay that has been dredged. These studies reveal that after 10 years of dredging, the bottom is, in effect, a biological desert. . . .

SEN. NELSON: So after it is all filled, the ecologists will be able to tell us what happened to it?

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Literature

THE BITTER HERITAGE: VIETNAM AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, 1941-1966 *by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 126 pp. $3.95.*

Reviewed by Noam Chomsky

AS A CONTRIBUTION to the discussion or analysis of the Vietnam war, this book seems to me to merit neither publication nor review. It merely reiterates, in a mild and hesitant tone, material that has appeared in innumerable articles, books and lectures over the past few years. The book is nevertheless of interest because of the role of its author in the Kennedy Administration, when much of the groundwork for the present tragedy in Vietnam was laid. In this respect, it is of some value to "Washington watchers," that is, to those who are interested in determining how American foreign policy develops and how it appears to those involved in its implementation.

It is, for example, of interest to learn of the extent to which Schlesinger attributes our present tribulations to bureaucratic stupidity rather than Machiavellian intent. He raises the question, "which already haunts the American conscience," as to whether we are "really carrying out this policy, as we constantly proclaim, to save the people we are methodically destroying, or are we doing it for less exalted purposes of our own." The question is not directly answered, but the implication is that stupidity and ignorance, rather than self-interest, are to blame for the bitter heritage. Viewing the development of American policy from the outside, it seems not too difficult to construct a rationale. But Schlesinger's judgment must be given weight. After all, he was there.

Still, it is questionable how widely Schlesinger's view of American innocence is shared. For example, he admits that there may appear to be "a gigantic American effort at the encirclement and strangulation of China." But, he asserts, this is not "our view of what we are doing; nor is it in fact what we are doing," though "it really should not astonish us that a crew of dogmatic Marxist-Leninists should so interpret the extraordinary deployment of American armies, navies and military bases thousands of miles from the United States and mobilized . . . against no one but themselves." In fact, one need hardly be a dogmatic Marxist-Leninist to draw the conclusion that we are interested in encircling China. This is precisely, for example, the view of Charles Wolf, senior economist of the Rand Corporation, who regards it as our major foreign policy task to make China "willing to live with this fear" of American encirclement (see Congressional Hearings on Far East and Pacific, January 27, 1966). Schlesinger evidently thinks of his interpretation as consistent with our "philosophical heritage—empirical, pragmatic, ironic, pluralistic, competitive." It just may be, however, that a more appropriate adjective is "inane."

Schlesinger is as aware of what we are doing in Vietnam as any reader of the New York Times or I. F. Stone's Weekly. He emphasizes that "the war began as an insurrection within South Vietnam which, as it has gathered momentum, has attracted increasing support and direction from the North" and that the result of our bombing of North Vietnam "was to bring North Vietnamese forces south of the border," though on a scale which is dwarfed by our own invasion of the country. He realizes that "if we continue the pursuit of total military victory, we will leave the tragic country gutted and devastated by bombs, burned by napalm, turned into a wasteland by chemical defoliation, a land of ruin and wreck," with its "political and institutional fabric" pulverized. He knows that "our bombers roam over the hapless country, dumping more tonnage of explosives each month than we were dropping per month on all Europe and Africa during the Second World War—more in a year than we dropped on the entire Pacific during the Second World War." And he understands the effects on the civilian population of this attack, unprecedented in scale in the history of warfare. All of this arouses in the author feelings of great compassion—for President Johnson ("No thoughtful American can withhold sympathy as President Johnson ponders the gloomy choices which lie ahead").

It is not that Schlesinger is incapable of indignation. He is properly irate about the "warfare in the shadows" of the Viet Cong, their "ambush and assassination and torture, leaving behind a trail of burned villages, shattered families and weeping women" (the "trail of burned villages" is not further identified, but perhaps the cast of characters has become confused at this point); and he is not lacking in contempt for those who mob the secretary of Defense or burn draft cards. One wonders whether he would have been equally offended by a comparable "outpouring of emotion" in Italy in 1935, or Russia in 1956. But as far as American actions are concerned, "It is not only idle but unfair to seek out guilty men." Johnson and Humphrey are mere "sentimental imperialists," fundamentally decent men with an "Asian vision" that is "not dishonorable," interested in "the salvation of Asia."

Not unexpectedly, the Kennedy administration escapes any censure, except for its failure to keep up with the press reports of what was actually taking place. True, Kennedy introduced an army of over 15,000 men, nearly three times the size of the Condor legion sent by Hitler to "fight communism" in an earlier civil war. But this was simply the "politics of inadvertence." As to the "crisis of credibility," the implication is that this, too, is a post-Kennedy phenomenon—no one would guess, from reading this book, that a White Paper of December 1961, was entitled "A threat to the Peace: North Vietnam's Effort to Conquer South Vietnam." Nor would the reader of *The Bitter Heritage* be likely to guess that not long before, the same author was referring to 1962 as

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SOREL'S BESTIARY

The Giant Swallowtail

NUMBER 11

(*Timothi psychedelicus*)

The Giant Swallowtail was not always the high-flying, gaudily-dressed butterfly we see today. Though it now seems hard to believe, this exotic, winged creature was once a slow moving, monogamous, earthbound caterpillar, unaware of the "fabulous electric network" he was carrying around in his skull. His metamorphosis from larva to butterfly (or egghead into acidhead) began on the banks of the Charles where he turned on, tuned in, and was dropped out.

The Swallowtail is more active than most *lepidoptera* (311 trips at the last official count) and alights only long enough to lead the faithful or to grant interviews. This makes his capture difficult but not impossible. (He was recently netted near the Mexican border and is scheduled to go on exhibit in a Federal courthouse.)

Since the Swallowtail believes that only winged creatures can see God, it is not surprising that he is proselytizing for a new religion. If successful, he will become the only Messiah to carry an Equity card. His favorite hymn: *Just a Cube Full of Sugar Makes the Medicine Go Down.* ES

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"not a bad year," with "aggression checked in Vietnam," or reiterating, with apparent approval, a characterization of North Vietnam as "the source of aggression" (*A Thousand Days*).

Still, in basic respects, Schlesinger's approach to the conduct of international affairs has a certain internal consistency. He was opposed to the abortive Cuba invasion in 1961, because of his feeling that the planned deception was not likely to succeed, not out of any principled objection to such an action. Similarly, today, he refers with skepticism to Joseph Alsop's prediction that before too long "the Vietnamese war will look successful" from the American point of view, but adds that "we all pray that Mr. Alsop will be right." The liberal view, Schlesinger style, differs from that of Alsop in two important respects: first, in its skepticism as to the immediacy of an American victory; second, in its inability to imagine that any right-thinking American could fail to be in favor of an outright American victory, if only it could be achieved by the means now being employed (which will, to be sure, turn the country into "a land of ruin and wreck"). Thus "we all pray" that American armed might will be successful, but the more sophisticated of us doubt that Alsop's prediction will come true.

MAC BIRD! **BY BARBARA GARSON.** "The funniest, toughest-minded, and most ingenious political satire I've read in years." —DWIGHT MACDONALD, *N.Y. Review of Books.*

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ALTHOUGH SCHLESINGER NOW insists that there was a civil war in South Vietnam, the old habits break through in his usage of the term "the South Vietnamese." Thus our goal in Vietnam "should be the creation and stabilization of secure areas where the South Vietnamese might themselves undertake social and institutional developments." In fact, the areas where the South Vietnamese themselves have undertaken social and institutional development are those where the Viet Cong have been in control, for example, in large parts of the Mekong Delta prior to the brutal American and South Korean campaigns of the last few months. Ample documentation to support this conclusion is presented by Douglas Pike (who, in Schlesinger's judgment, is "the most careful student of the Viet Cong") in his recent book, *The Vietcong*. It would seem, then, that if our goal is to allow the South Vietnamese themselves to undertake social and institutional development, we should simply withdraw, or at the very least permit negotiations among indigenous South Vietnamese forces to the exclusion of outside powers, among which, of course, we ourselves are dominant by an overwhelming margin.

But the South Vietnamese that Schlesinger has in mind are those whose claim to legitimacy is based on American arms (including the "South Vietnamese" in the military junta). Thus, in his lexicon, "South Vietnamese" is to be understood rather in the manner of the Japanese terminology of a quarter of a century ago, in which the "legitimate Chinese government" was that of Wang Ching-wei. The only appropriate comments regarding this conception of Rusk, Schlesinger, et al, are those of the American note of December 31, 1938, to Japan, which denied "that there is need or warrant for any one Power to take upon itself to prescribe what shall be the terms and conditions of a 'new order' in areas not under its sovereignty and to constitute itself the repository of authority and the agent of destiny in regard thereto."

In the same vein, Schlesinger's "middle course" would offer the Viet Cong the prospect of participating in the future political life of Vietnam, "conditioned on their laying down their arms, opening

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up their territories and abiding by the ground rules of free elections." Since there is no compensating demand that the Americans withdraw and that the Saigon army should lay down their arms and open up their territories, Schlesinger's middle course, in essential respects, does not even go as far as the position of the Pentagon, which, on the surface at least, commits us to withdrawal after "Viet Cong military units would be deactivated." Either proposal requests only that the other side surrender, after which we guarantee them political rights.

A true "middle course," demanding capitulation of no faction in the civil struggle, would advocate withdrawal of all foreign troops (American, South Korean, North Vietnamese, and other minor contingents), negotiations among existing political forces in South Vietnam —that is, the National Liberation Front and whatever other forces still have not been crushed by Marshall Ky's American supported storm troopers—to form a coalition government. As is admitted on all sides, adoption of this middle course would lead to the collapse of the Saigon regime, a fact which, along with the general unwillingness of the Saigon army to fight or even remain in uniform, should lead us, as Schlesinger puts it, to "wonder all the more about the political side of the war."

This course has in fact been repeatedly proposed, by the NLF, despite Schlesinger's blanket assertion that "Hanoi and the Viet Cong will not negotiate so long as they think they can win." It is possible that the repeated Hanoi and NLF initiatives towards negotiation and their demand for a coalition government will prove to be a deception, but there is no doubt that it is a deception simply to deny the existence of these initiatives or to ignore the content of the NLF program.

Similarly, it is a deception to assert blandly, as Schlesinger does, that "Hanoi has put such stress on the withdrawal of American troops as a condition precedent to negotiation," in the face of the frequent insistence from Hanoi that the demand for withdrawal is put forth as "a basis" for negotiations. Jean Lacouture comments in a recent article (*Le Nouvel Observateur*, 11-17, January, 1967) that U.S. government officials are the last people on earth who are unaware of the fundamental elements of the NLF program of 1962.

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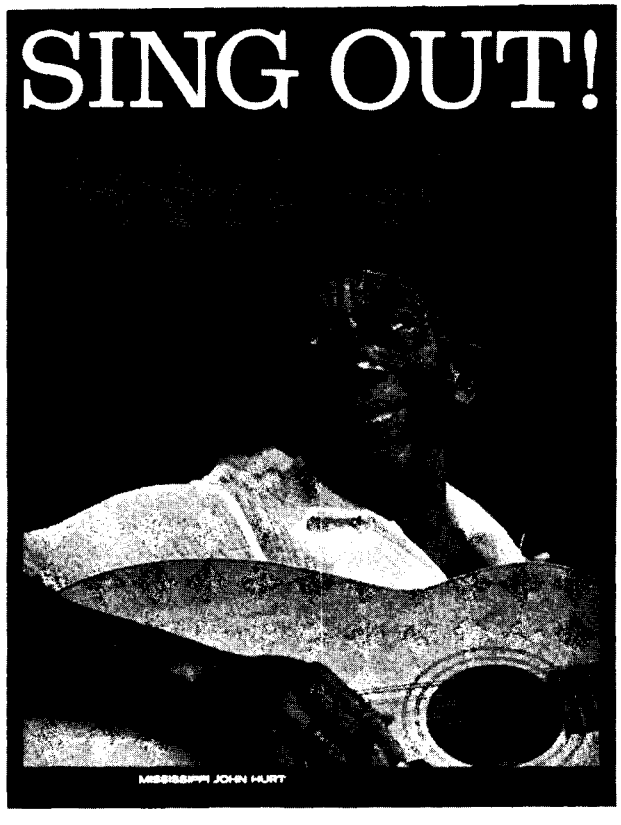
Thus Schlesinger's "middle course" appears to differ from the approach of the Joint Chiefs and the State Department only in tactical emphasis. All accept the assumption that dispatch of an American Expeditionary Force of half a million men to take over the conduct of the war is defense of the interests of the South Vietnamese, whereas infiltration from the North is an aggressive attack on South Vietnam. In Schlesinger's case, this assumption takes the form of a proposal that the guerrillas capitulate, after which we will grant them political rights. Analogously, the President and his spokesmen put forth the cynical demand that the North Vietnamese restrict or terminate their activities in the South without any compensating gesture on our side in South Vietnam. This same assumption takes its most ludicrous form when a State Department spokesman refers to resupply efforts by the North Vietnamese during the truce as "extra evidence that they were not sincere in their statement on negotiations," while maintaining that U.S. logistic operations carried out during the truce period were different because they "did not send men and supplies across the border into North Vietnam but were in South Vietnam only" (New York Times, February 17, 1967). To go back to earlier precedents, it is the same attitude that permits Schlesinger (in his *A Thousand Days*) to express his horror at the discovery of Cuban arms cached in Venezuela, but to think nothing of the extensive American military aid that has been used to institute or support repressive regimes throughout the continent. The underlying assumption is that the United States does have a warrant "to take upon itself to prescribe what shall be the terms and conditions of a 'new order' in areas not under its sovereignty and to constitute itself the repository of authority and the agent of destiny in regard thereto."

EVERY COMPETENT OBSERVER has pointed out that "the war in South Vietnam has been between the large, professionally trained army of an unpopular government and the amateur military wing of a strong, nationalistically based political movement in which the Communists have formed the spearhead" (Michael Field, *The Prevail-*



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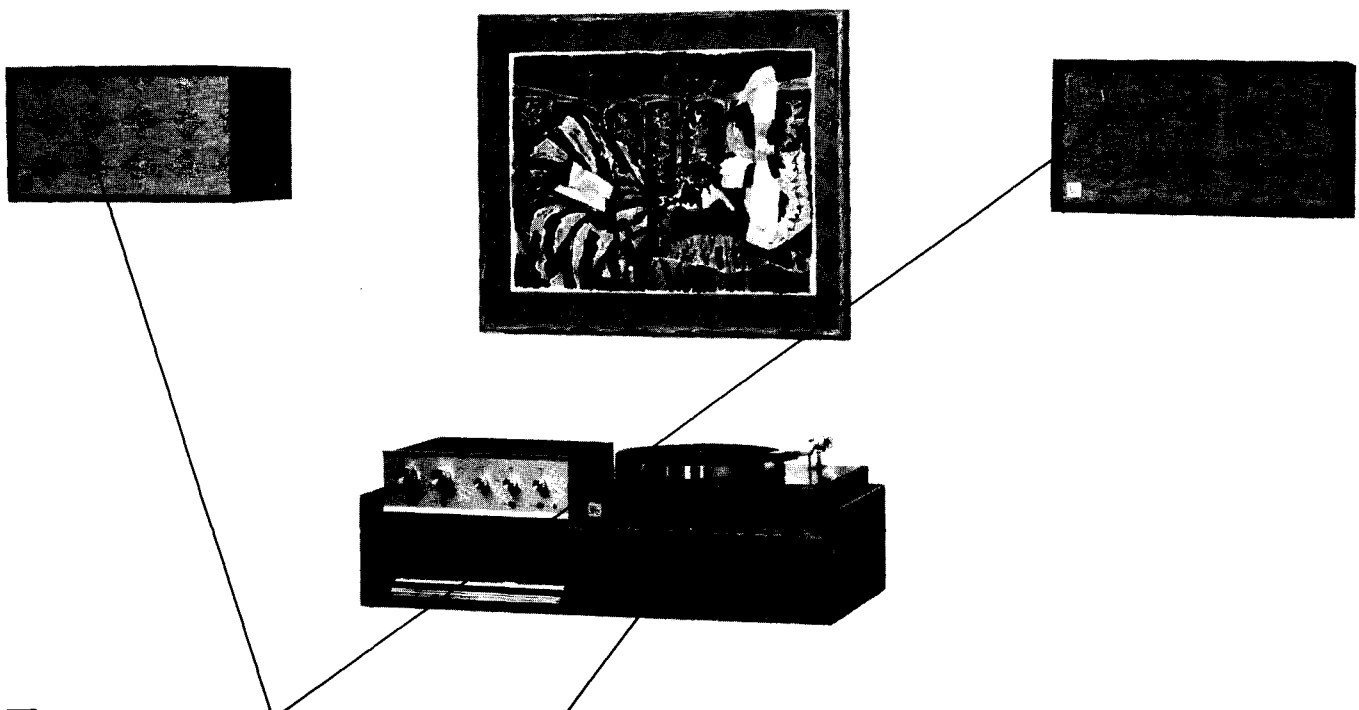

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ing Wind). For this reason, the Saigon authorities have never wavered from their demand, expressed in a statement of March 1, 1965, that negotiations are unthinkable unless the "Communists" show their sincerity "by withdrawing beforehand their armed units *and their political cadres* from South Vietnamese territory" (italics mine). The demand is appropriate; by their own repeated admission, the Saigon authorities have no hope of maintaining themselves in an open political arena. It is hardly necessary to document the fact that this has been the dominant American position as well, in effect, as Schlesinger himself emphasizes.

Furthermore, Schlesinger has no illusions about the character of the puppet regime in Saigon. He proposes, then, that we should "encourage a pro-peasant regime to come into existence," "a government which enlists enthusiastic popular support in the countryside." He does not raise the question of how this is possible when the country is under American military occupation, or why one should expect the policy makers of the Kennedy-Johnson administrations to be capable of such a total reorientation of approach. But perhaps some light is shed on Schlesinger's conception of democratic processes by his characterization of the 1966 elections in South Vietnam as that "valiant try at self-government" which "excited such idealistic hopes in the United States." He does not see fit to mention that in this valiant try at self-government, Communists and neutralists whose actions might be advantageous to the Communists were, by law, excluded from the ballot, nor does he comment on the conditions, reported widely in the press, under which campaigning and voting took place. In fact, his evaluation of this election recalls the remarks of his occasional adversary, Dean Rusk, according to whom the provincial elections of May, 1965 "from our point of view . . . were free elections" (August 25, 1965). Under the Rusk-Schlesinger concept of "free elections," it is not unimaginable that "free elections" can be conducted under American military occupation.

Schlesinger grants that the regime we have imposed in Vietnam is that of "a new class of *nouveaux mandarins*," that it is "pervaded by nepotism, corruption and cynicism," and he admits that our military policy is simply one of devastating the land and annihilating the helpless

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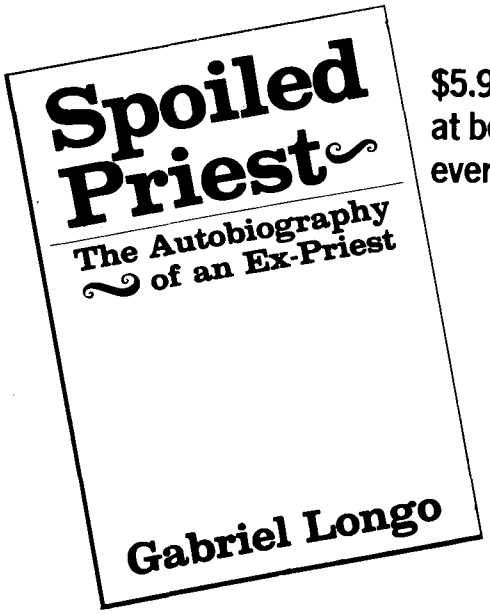

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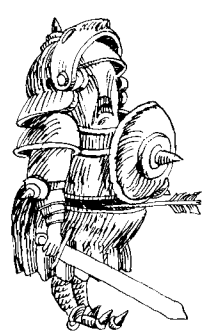
population. One might suppose, then, that he would suggest American withdrawal. In fact, he says very little about this possibility, dismissing it out of hand because it "would have ominous reverberations throughout Asia," because it would be "humiliating," and because of our "moral obligations" to those whom we have supported and encouraged. The argument is hardly convincing. Our moral obligations, such as they may be, can be met by resettling those whom Schlesinger describes as the "Frankenstein's monsters we delight in creating in our client countries," and their cohorts, say, in Arizona. The "humiliation" of withdrawal hardly compares with the national disgrace of a policy of scorched earth and mass murder. It is difficult to imagine anything more "ominous" for backward Asia than a permanent military presence of the sort we are rapidly constructing on the borders of China. Schlesinger's "middle course" is one that, if successful, will leave the United States as dominant as it is in the Philippines, hardly an attractive prospect. If anything will lead this nation to "defile its oldest ideals and disgrace itself in the eyes of the world and its own posterity," it is a willingness to tolerate any barbarism, so long as it can succeed, and to raise our twitters of protest only when total victory seems beyond our grasp.

Noam Chomsky, Professor of Linguistics at M.I.T., is the author of Cartesian Linguistics (*Harper & Row*).



Reviewed by Peter Collier

FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE *by Meyer Zeligs. New York: Viking. 482 pp. $7.95.*

SURPRISINGLY, neither the traumatic pre-McCarthy years which made Alger Hiss's trial no more than the opening cannonade for the wholesale bloodletting which was to follow, nor the endless stream of apologetics re-agonizing the respective positions in the case, have sent it to oblivion. No longer a *cause célèbre*, it continues to be evocative, possessing the relentless appeal of an unsolved murder. And one always senses that the clashing forces—forces for which Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss were in so many ways little more than symbols—are so dichotomized and so obviously re-enacting a genuine American social ritual, even today, that the case has symmetry and a continuing relevance. The myth it embodies is less wholesome but no less crucial to our cultural life than the steely-eyed sheriff drawing last but straightest.

Friendship and Fratricide shifts the focus on the case from politics to psychoanalysis. The author, Dr. Meyer Zeligs, is a practicing San Francisco psychiatrist who spent six years assembling and evaluating the data for his book. One thing is quite clear from the outset: Zeligs is a professional incapable of the amateurishness and monumental pique characterizing the Freud-Bullitt study of Woodrow Wilson, with which his book will inevitably be compared. Whatever its flaws, *Friendship and Fratricide* will have to be considered as a serious attempt to make psycho-biography yield new insights into one of the most obscure cases in modern American history.

Ultimately Zeligs sides with Hiss in the conflict and accords him something approaching special treatment, but he does so, one senses, because that position happens to be the logical result of an inquiry conducted along those lines usually termed "scientific."

Whittaker Chambers—obese, brilliant, shabby, every inch an underground man living out his own Dostoevskian nightmare—is the prime mover in the open-ended drama Zeligs attempts to unravel. Known best for his destructiveness, this mysterious man, the most celebrated informer since Quisling, was once characterized by Malcolm Cowley as the potentially great literary genius of this century. Any talent he might have had, however, is hidden by his heavy-handed efforts as a senior editor at Time, by the saccharine pages of the works—*Witness* and *Cold Friday*—that followed his recantation, and by the neurotic juvenilia Zeligs exhumes from Chambers' undergraduate days at Columbia.

There is, however, abundant creativity in the way Chambers molded reality, forcing it into a dramatic coherence

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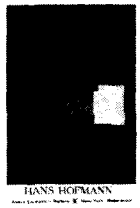
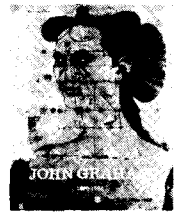
49. **Indiana,** 24 x 36" Red, yellow, blue, black, white.



48. **Hofmann,** 23 x 17" Red, yellow, green, orange, black

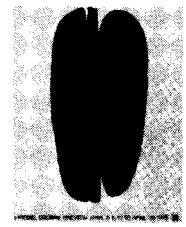
47. **Lindner,** 22 x 16" Blue, red, rust, yellow



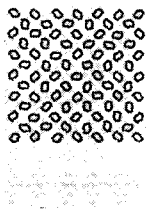
46. **Graham,** 27¾ x 22" Pink, black, blue

44. **Warhol,** 19½ x 17" Day-glo yellow, orange, purple, blue, white

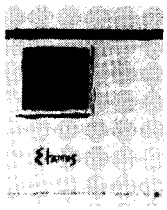
*41. **Lichtenstein,** 29½ x 45" Royal blue, white, red, yellow



38. **Dzubas,** 23 x 17" Grey, blue, rust



*37. **Riley,** 36 x 25" Black, white



34. **Stamos,** 24 x 18" Yellow, green, blue

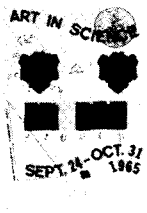
*33. **Motherwell,** 38 x 26" Black, white

31. **Vicente,** 24 x 16" Red, black, ochre

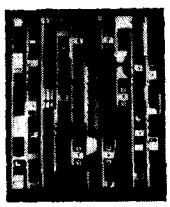
30. **Kline,** 27 x 22" Black, white

*29. **Krushenick,** 35 x 25" Red, blue, yellow, black

28. **Lichtenstein,** 25 x 29" Yellow, blue, black



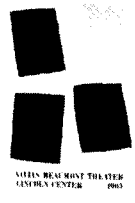
*24. **Dine,** 37 x 24" Red, orange, yellow



*22. **Connor,** 35 x 30" Black, white

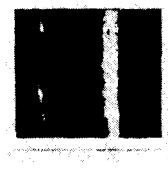
*21. **Hinman,** 46 x 30" Blue, black, yellow

*20. **Lindner,** 28 x 20" Red, yellow, blue

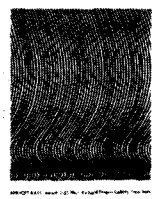


*18. **Kelly,** 46 x 30" Red, yellow, blue, green

16. **Warhol,** 25 x 28" Red, black, green, pink



13. **Stamos,** 22 x 22" Red, orange

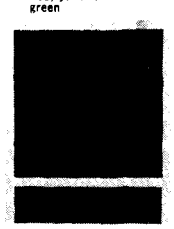


12. **Riley,** 21 x 17" Black, white

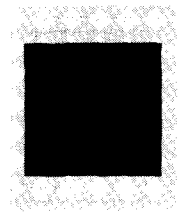
11. **Rauschenberg,** 37 x 25" Blue, yellow, orange

9. **Lichtenstein,** 21 x 28" Yellow, maroon, black

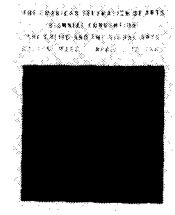
6. **Frankenthaler,** 24 x 16" Yellow, blue, orange



3. **Avedisian,** 22 x 18" Blue, green



*2. **Anuskiewicz,** 40 x 30" Red, aqua, green, blue



*1. **Albers,** 40 x 30" Blue-purple, blue-green, green

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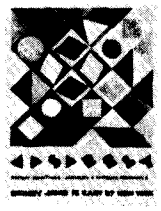
45. **Steinberg,** 24½ x 18" Black, brown, blue

43. **Man Ray,** 22 x 37" Blue, gray, red



42. **Vasarely,** 32 x 24" Red, yellow, blue, black, green, purple

39. **Indiana,** 32 x 24" Blue, green, red

*35. **Johns,** 35 x 20" Black, white

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which exalted him as a tragic hero—a combination of Willy Loman and Young Werther—perennially beset by malignant forces ranging from the entire social order to the Communist Party apparatus he purported to serve. It was primarily in his life acts that Chambers availed himself of the artist's prerogative to revise, alter and embellish, as Zeligs' analysis of his strangely contradictory testimony before HUAC shows.

If we relied on Chambers' articulated reasoning for his acts—his participation in the communist underground as well as his final compulsion to recant—he would remain forever opaque. For Zeligs shows him to be a more likely inhabitant of fiction than fact, a man whose acts successfully evaded the discernible cause and effect thought to circumscribe human behavior. He disturbs us for much the same reason that Coleridge was puzzled by Iago: his articulated motivation is inadequate as an explanation for his malignant acts.

Zeligs' premise is based on the fact that Chambers' peculiar acts in his adult life were dictated by a birth-trauma which became translated into an obsessive need to undergo symbolic deaths and re-births, a syndrome which often fed off other people, particularly those reminiscent of his brother, Richard. Zeligs carefully traces Chambers' furtive adolescent escapes from home and shows how they always resulted in the establishment of a new identity, as did the long, imaginative series of aliases he created for himself during his life as ostensible communist courier for stolen state secrets. Zeligs also underscores the insubstantialities of Chambers' descriptions of his communist activities and the weakness in his later rationalizations that anything which seemed bizarre in his behavior was actually dictated by his profession as spy.

Coincidental with the birth-trauma in Chambers' unconscious was a fratricidal impulse directed originally at his brother. Handsome, athletic, definitely heterosexual, Richard Chambers was in every way Whittaker's antithesis. By implication, Chambers coveted Richard's personality as exactly that which isolated him from the parental favor he imagined his brother enjoying. But Richard was no less victimized than his brother by a chaotic and irregular family life, and had far fewer imaginative resources to combat anomie; he eventually killed himself.

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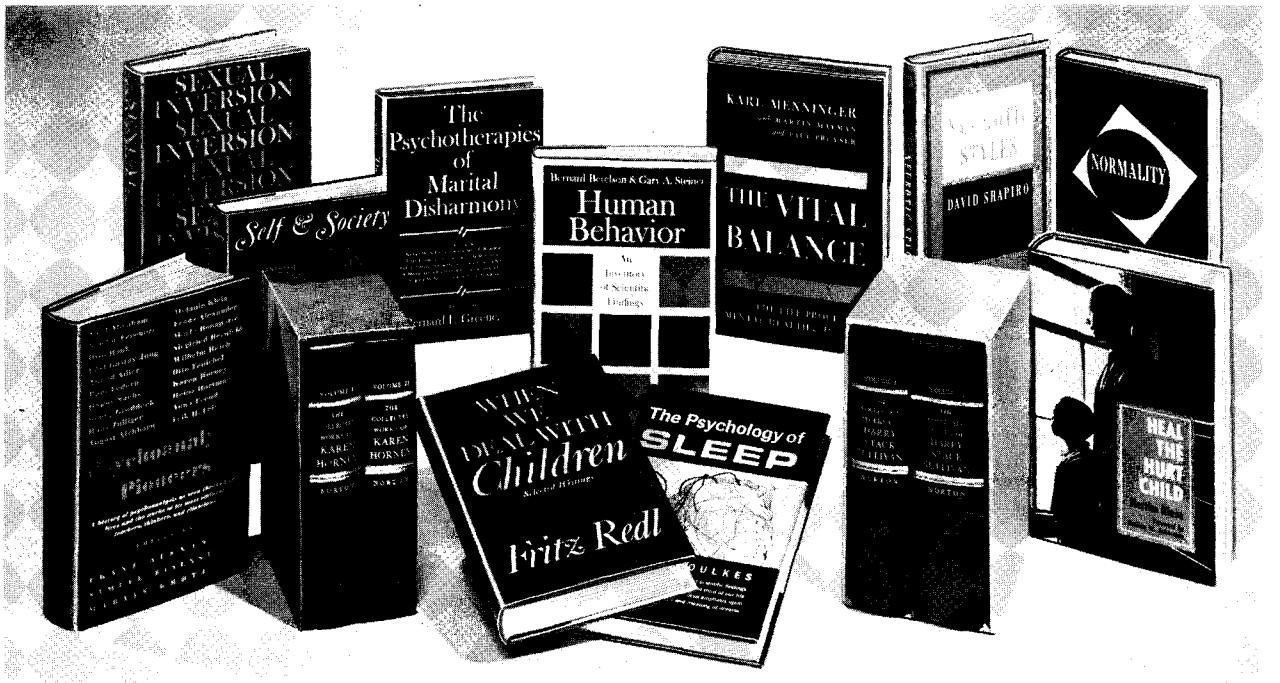

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This fate, according to Zeligs, is exactly what Chambers unconsciously wished for his brother and sought to promote in small ways. Richard fulfilled his fratricidal tendencies for him, allowing Chambers to shuffle off the coil of his own burdensome mortality and be reborn as the idealized brother. A pattern, with Richard's role open to any number of surrogates, was set up, becoming the predicate on which Chambers' adult behavior was based.

Hiss, says Zeligs, was one such surrogate, whose own psychic life made him particularly vulnerable to Chambers. For he was a compulsive good guy, a "caretaker" whose own early family traumata had made him overly proper and too solicitous. He claimed, when first accused by Chambers of being the highest-placed and most unregenerate of communist agents, that he had known his assailant only briefly, some 13 years earlier, as George Crosley. He contended that their relationship had been casual, terminating abruptly when Chambers became too much of a sponge.

But Chambers (who, Zeligs says, compulsively collected "life-preservers" in case his precarious existence should be threatened) had tucked away a wealth of anecdotes about Hiss, his habits and family life. They provided juicy and telling testimony. Denying vehemently that he had ever been even remotely associated with communism, Hiss challenged Chambers to make his accusations outside the sanctuary of HUAC. He did, Hiss sued for libel, astonishing new evidence kept appearing throughout the trial (Zeligs suggests that Chambers was continually "primed" by the FBI), and Hiss was finally convicted of perjury.

Zeligs' portrait of Hiss is of a man good to a flaw, an American Adam, a new world innocent vulnerable to the machinations of any Caliban. He could have stepped out of the pages of Horatio Alger, raising himself by the bootstraps of unlimited promise inherent in the American dream to finally take a prominent place beside Roosevelt at Yalta and at the founding of the U. N. In Horatio Alger, the American dream is limitless and always inviting; in the fall of Alger Hiss, it is revealed as bankrupt, ending finally in disgrace and penury.

Zeligs' book interprets the Hiss affair with a new twist. But it will ultimately quiet none of the uneasiness which surrounds the case. The effect of his reconstruction of the personality of Chambers, which at first seems quite convincing, is diminished when Hiss is not accorded the same rigorous treatment. The duality, therefore, becomes a little too Manichean, too perfect, too lacking in discriminating gray.

Still, *Friendship and Fratricide* should win a niche in the enduring mystery. Hiss partisans will enlist it gladly as an excellent rhetorical ally against Chambers and his ilk, and the investigating Goths of HUAC. The literary establishment will damn it with faint praise, pointing out that it establishes neither Hiss's innocence nor Chambers' guilt, that Chambers—unlike Hiss, who submitted to a long-distance variety of analysis—refused to communicate with the author, that Zeligs' analysis, resting on Chambers' literary remains, is often overly imaginative. Richard Nixon may privately whine about the way the book makes him seem overly zealous to prove that Hiss (or anyone else) was a communist. William Buckley, Chambers' Boswell, will launch anathemas against Zeligs, sublime in their arrogance, from his pulpit in The National Review.

But whatever pettifoggery that *Friendship and Fratricide* inspires should not obscure the real accomplishments of its author: his narrative is fascinating as a species of literary-scientific detective work, and in the main, it is a serious attempt to make psychiatric technique, so fruitful for Erik Erikson in *Young Man Luther*, relevant also to a reconstruction of the dark, clammy places in history.

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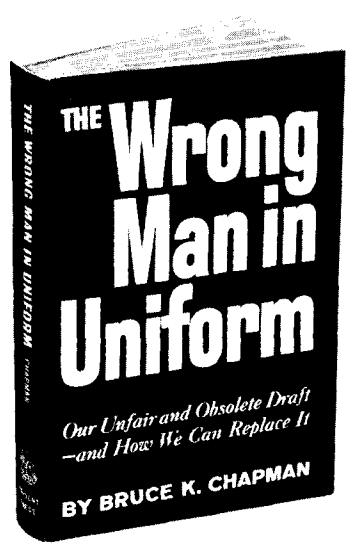

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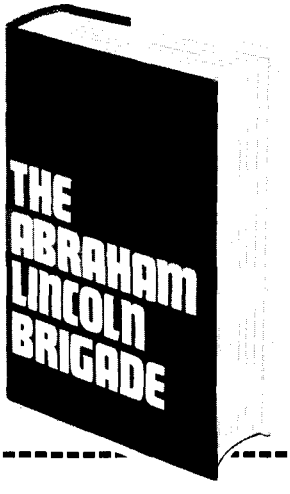

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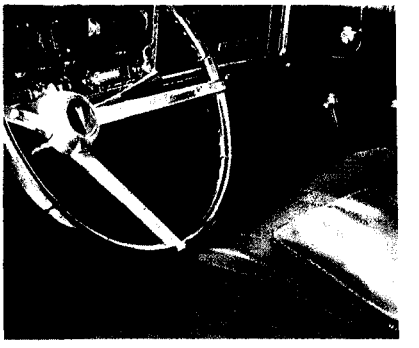

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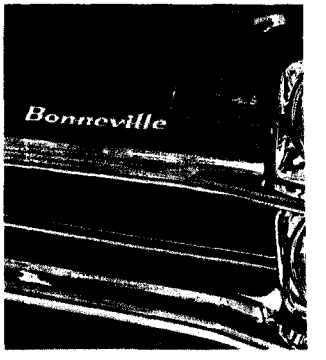

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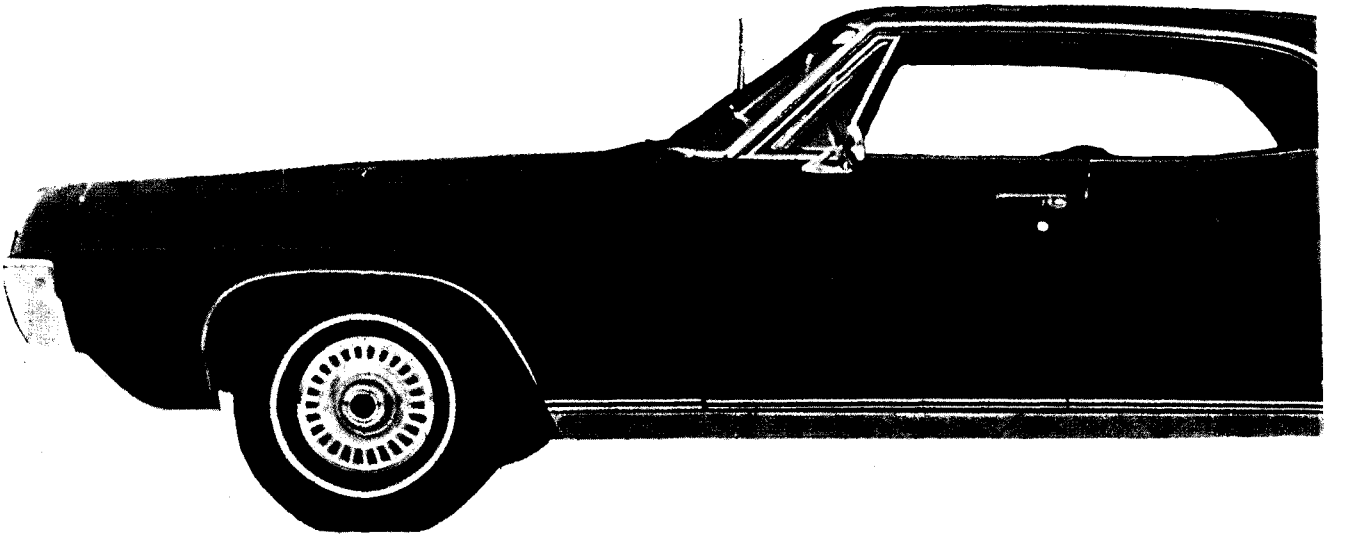

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